



gall. g.

279^m-2

40

Weight, Thom.

<36636977630015

<36636977630015

Bayer. Staatsbibliothek



Drawn by T. Allom.

Engraved by J. S. S. S. S.

Place de la Concorde, — Paris.

Place de la Concorde, Paris.

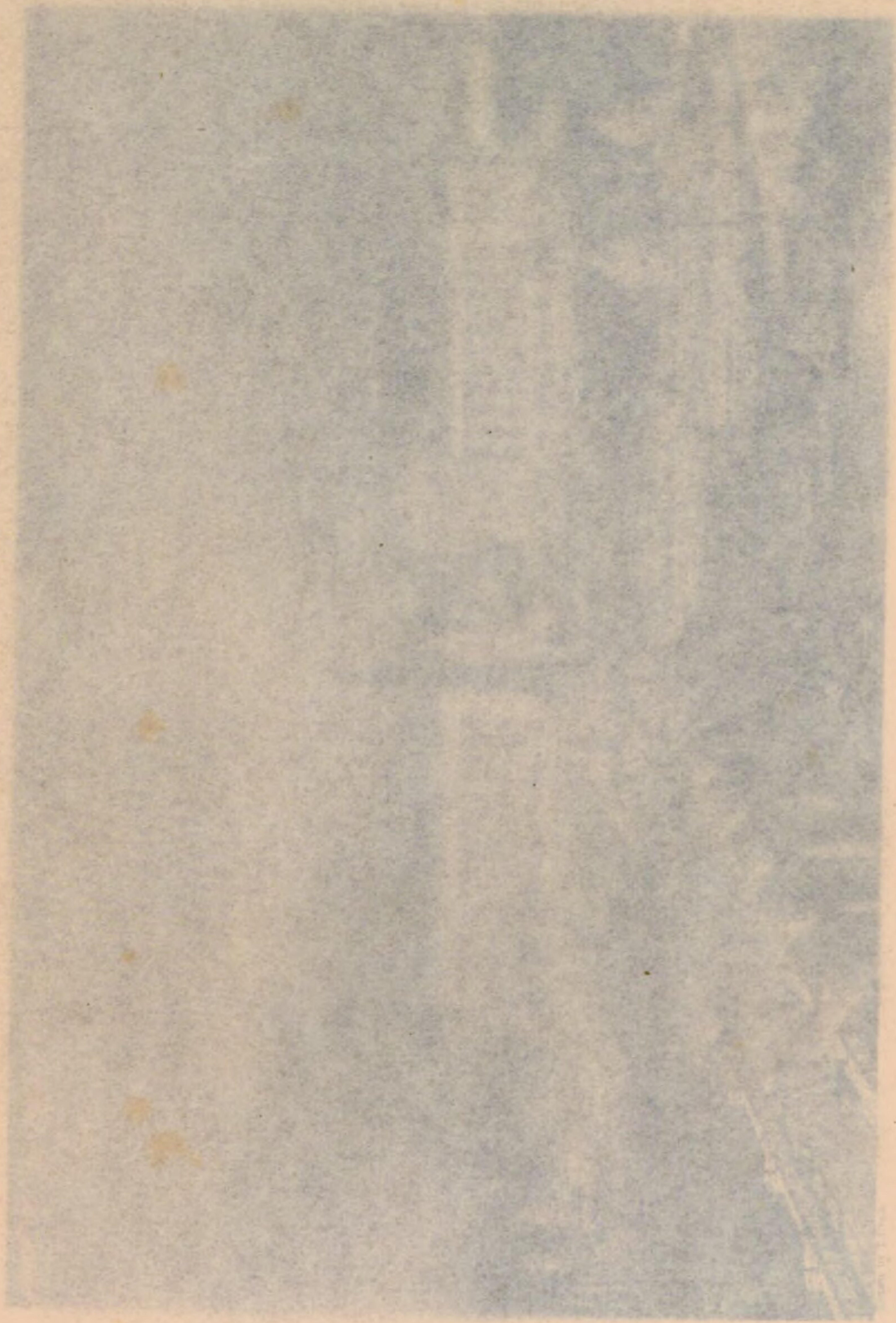
Place de la Concorde, qu. Paris.

FISHER, SON & CO LONDON & PARIS.

THE
HISTORY OF
THE
CITY OF
NEW YORK



By John B. Thompson, Esq.
Author of "The History of the City of New York,"
and "The History of the State of New York."



Mano de la Concepción, Peru

Mano de la Concepción, Peru

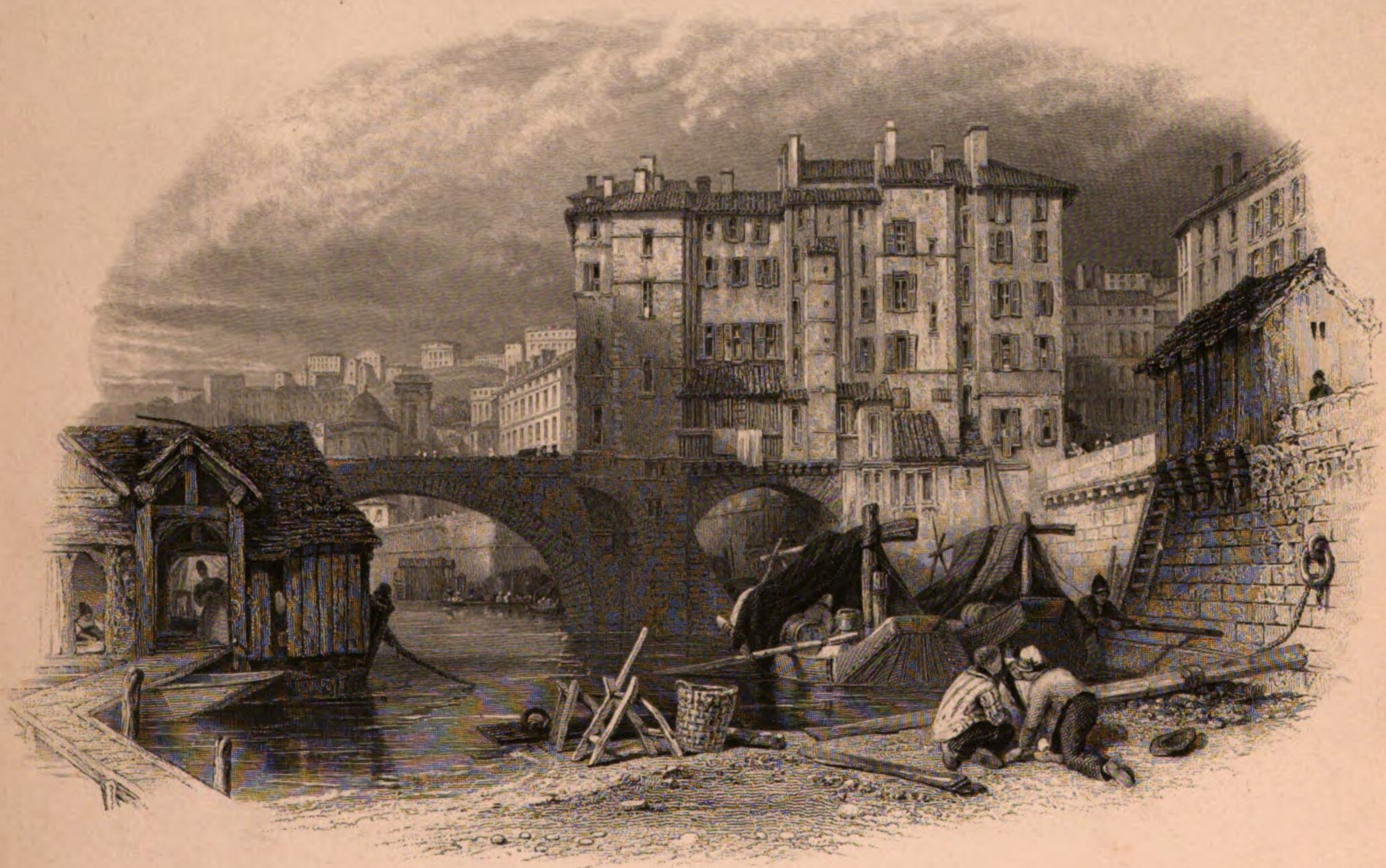
Mano de la Concepción, Peru

Mano de la Concepción, Peru

F R A N C E

Illustrated.

VOL. II.



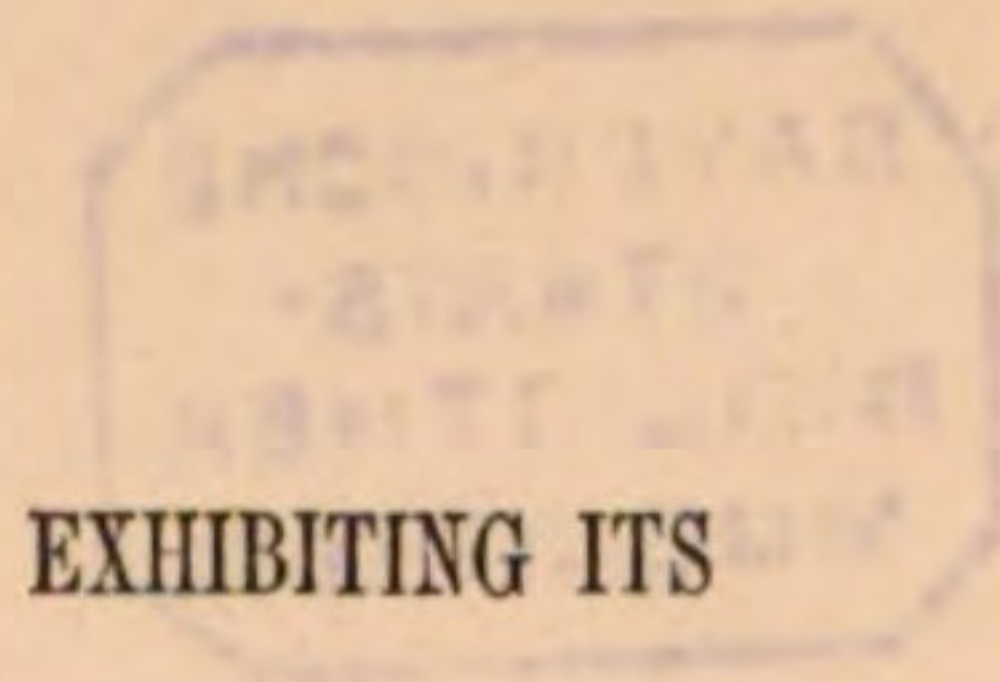
The Pont du Change, Lyons.

Pont du Change, Lyon.

Die Brücke du Change, Lyon.

F R A N C E

ILLUSTRATED,



LANDSCAPE SCENERY, ANTIQUITIES,
MILITARY AND ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE, &c.

DRAWINGS BY
THOMAS ALLOM, ESQ.

DESCRIPTIONS BY
THE REV. G. N. WRIGHT, M.A.

VOL. II.

FISHER, SON, & CO.
THE CAXTON PRESS, ANGEL STREET, ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND, LONDON;
H. MANDEVILLE, RUE NEUVE VIVIERNE, PARIS.

LIBRARY

1871/1872



1871/1872

1871/1872

1871/1872

1871/1872

1871/1872

1871/1872

1871/1872

1871/1872

LIST OF PLATES, AND CONTENTS.

VOL. II.

	PAGE
Place de la Concorde, Paris	59
Pont du Change, Lyons	58
Maison Carrée, Nismes	5
Queen's State Bedchamber, Fontainbleau	7
Rouen, from the Seine	8
Gothic Bridge of Eudes, Tours	9
Palace of the Tuileries, Paris	10
Palace of St. Cloud	13
Salon de l'Abdication, Fontainbleau	15
Cathedral of Notre-Dame, Paris	17
Thiers, Puy de Dôme	20
Rochemaure, on the Rhone	21
Salon of Louis Philippe, Fontainbleau	23
Interior of the Madeleine, Paris	25
Valley of the Isère	29
Castle of Pau, Lower Pyrenees	31
Valley and Castle of D'Oo, Pyrenees	34
Grand Staircase of the Louvre, Paris	35
Circle of Gavarnie, Pyrenees	37
The Capitol of Toulouse	39
Voireppe, on the Isère	41
Double Bridge of Scia, Gave of Gavarnie	42
Saumur, on the Loire	44
Church of the Knights Templars, Luz	45
The King's Chapel, Dreux	47
Château of Chambord	49
St. Beat, Eastern Pyrenees	50
Rue de la Grosse Horloge, Rouen	52
A Cabaret in the Pyrenees, Rainy Day	53
Cauterets, High Pyrenees	54
Les Eaux Bonnes, High Pyrenees	56
Lac de Gaube, Pyrenees	57

. Résumé, Part Second, to precede the Descriptions.

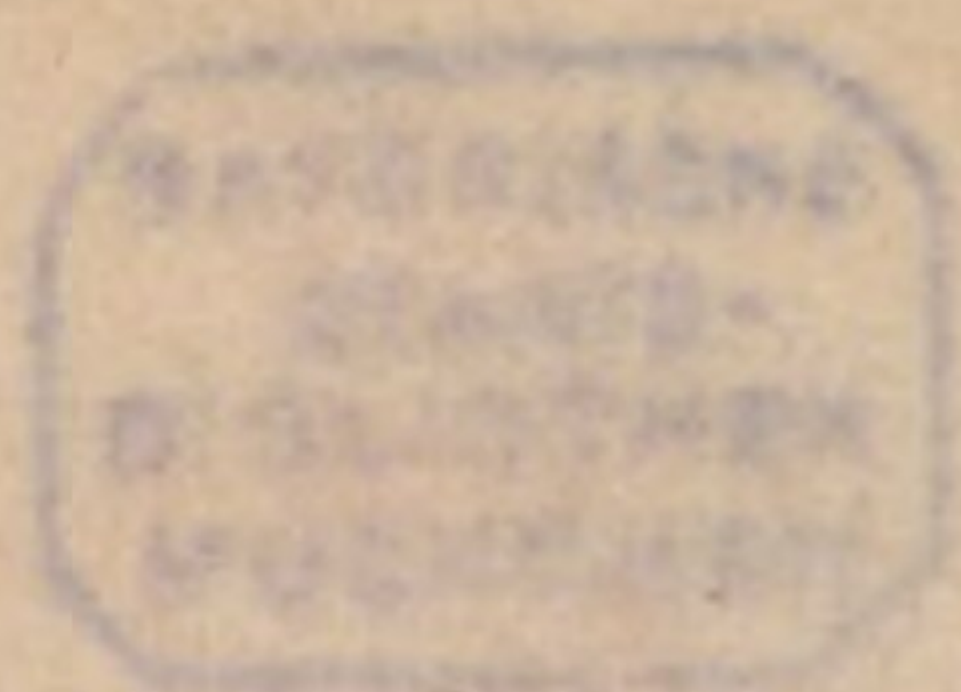


The Maison Carrée, Nîmes.

Maison Carrée, Nîmes

Das römische Haus, Nîmes.

FISHER, SON & CO LONDON & PARIS.



FRANCE.

THE MAISON CARREE, NISMES.

In all its ruins, no honourable note,
No splendour of all its antique pride,
No noble pile once it was; but great!
How glorious! How beloved!

The building vulgarly called the Maison Carrée, or Temple of Venus, is one of the most perfect and beautiful relics of Greece not in existence. The structure is adorned by the exquisite sculpture with which it is adorned, and the fine proportions which it displays. Excavations made in the year 1823, have disclosed a fact long concealed from the antiquary, namely, that the Maison Carrée was not originally an isolated temple, but only the sanctuary of some great structure, the remains of which have since been traced in the vicinity, and it is conjectured that here once was the Forum of ancient Nemausus, the Nîmes of to-day. Vitruvius has laid down rules, which are violated in the design of the Maison Carrée, and, according to that great writer's decision, this building is pseudoperipteral. Illegitimacy in this instance has found the most universal support, for no building in Europe is estimated more highly, valued more entirely as a gem of ancient art, than this interesting architectural record.

The ichnographic plan is a parallelogram, eighty feet in length by forty in width, the inner area being of little more than half these dimensions. The entrance fronts the north, and consists of a grand portico open on three sides, consisting of ten beautiful Corinthian columns, detached, fluted, having highly enriched capitals, and supporting a superb entablature with a decorated architrave, frieze, and cornice. Six columns stand in the façade, and two on either side of the portico. The entrance-door within the portico is also adorned with pilasters of admirable design and execution. The attention of artists is uniformly attracted by the very delicate carvings of the frieze and cornice, and the grand vestibule itself has supplied the original for the portico of St. Martin's in the fields, and the new Royal Exchange, both in London. The plan



St. James' Palace, London

St. James' Palace, London

St. James' Palace, London



F R A N C E.

THE MAISON CARRÉE, NISMES.

It has no name, no honourable note,
No chronicle of all its antique pride,
To testify what once it was; how great!
How glorious! how revered!

THE building vulgarly called the Maison Carrée, or square house, is one of the most perfect and beautiful relics of Roman art in existence. This character is sustained by the exquisite sculpture with which it is adorned, and the fair proportions which it displays. Excavations made in the year 1822, have disclosed a fact long concealed from the antiquary, namely, that the Maison Carrée was not originally an isolated temple, but only the sanctuary of some great structure, the remains of which have since been traced in the vicinity, and it is conjectured that here once was the Forum of ancient Nemausus, the Nismes of to-day. Vitruvius has laid down rules, which are violated in the design of the Maison Carrée, and, according to that great writer's decision, this building is pseudoperipteral. Illegitimacy in this instance has found the most universal support, for no building in Europe is estimated more highly, valued more entirely as a gem of ancient art, than this interesting architectural record.

The ichnographic plan is a parallelogram, eighty feet in length by forty in width, the inner area being of little more than half these dimensions. The entrance fronts the north, and consists of a grand portico open on three sides, consisting of ten beautiful Corinthian columns, detached, fluted, having highly enriched capitals, and supporting a superb entablature with a decorated architrave, frieze, and cornice. Six columns stand in the façade, and two on either side of the portico. The entrance-door within the portico is also adorned with pilasters of admirable design and execution. The attention of artists is uniformly attracted by the very delicate carvings of the frieze and cornice, and the grand vestibule itself has supplied the original for the portico of St. Martin's-in-the-fields, and the new Royal Exchange, both in London. This fine

peristyle is approached by a flight of fifteen steps enclosed between pedestals still lower by two steps than the plateau of the portico.

The whole number of surrounding columns is thirty, of these ten only are detached, the remainder appearing only as half columns engaged in the enclosing wall; they are all of a beautiful white marble, and their height is equal to ten and a quarter diameters.

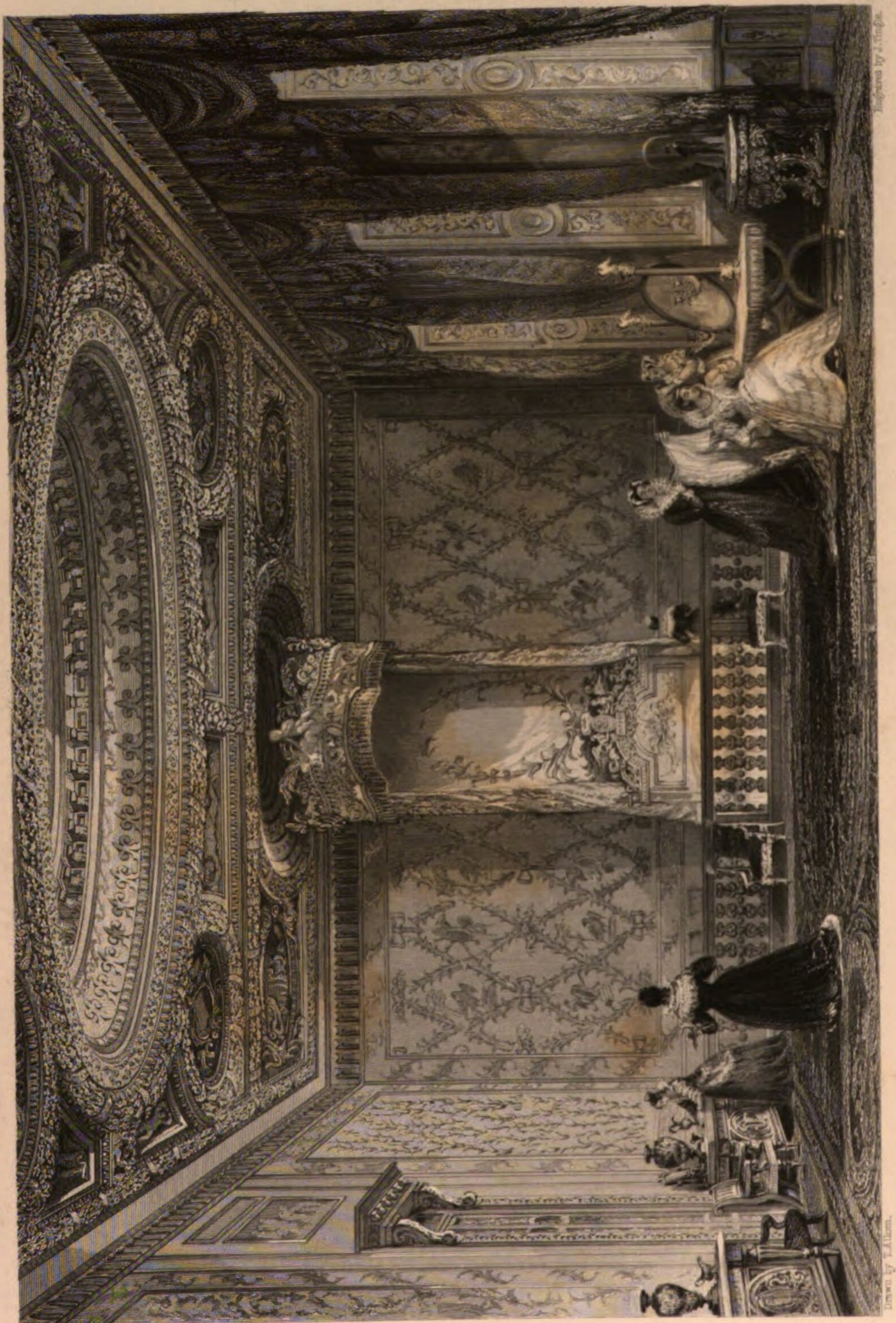
Amidst many vicissitudes, this exquisite work has escaped entire. In Augustus's reign, they say it was a temple of the gods; it was afterwards a Christian church; and later, the Town-Hall of Nismes. Desecration did not cease here, for a proprietor of the public diligences and voitures hired the Maison for his store-house, and, to enlarge its capacity, built up the intermediate spaces of the vestibule with stone and mortar. After this indignity it became attached to an Augustinian convent, and the heads of that religious establishment made it their mausoleum; a revolutionary tribunal was erected amongst the tombs during the republic, and since the restoration of the monarchy it has been converted into a *Museum*.

A remarkable example of the presumption that accompanies ignorance is exhibited in the position which a modern artist has chosen for the theatre of Nismes. Perhaps a more striking contrast between beauty and deformity has never been presented in works of art, than exists between the ancient temple of the Maison Carrée, and the modern portico that stands beside it.

Conjectures as to the original destination of this building are now probably superfluous, because they are based on the hypothesis that it was an isolated building, a theory which recent discoveries have explicitly contradicted. Therefore, the idea that it was erected by Hadrian, in honour of Plotina, his adoptive mother, need scarcely be entertained. It is true that he desired such a monument to be raised to her memory, as he passed through Nismes on his return from Britain, but as the Maison is but a small part of some great edifice, it is obviously not identical with a mere sepulchral honour.

Mons. Seguin, a learned antiquary, and member of the Academy of Nismes, by great pains and industry, recovered, as he supposed, an inscription on the frieze, which had been utterly lost. According to his interpretation, this temple was erected in honour of Caius and Lucius, the sons of Marcus Agrippa, and grandsons of Augustus Cæsar, the elder of whom died in Syria, and the younger at Marseilles, on his way from Rome to Nismes. The only assistance M. Seguin had in discovering this very problematical inscription, was the holes into which the cramps were inserted that held the bronze letters of the inscription.

An iron balustrade enclosing the whole structure preserves it effectually from premeditated injury, and leaves the spectator a more advantageous view of the temple's admirable symmetry. Within the area are collected various carved blocks, parts of cornices and capitals, and shafts and friezes of buildings that stood in the vicinity, and were once probably incorporated with the great structure of which alone the Maison Carrée now remains.



Drawn by L. Ullmann. Engraved by J. T. Smith.

The Queen's State Bed-Chamber, Fontainebleau.

Der Königin Staats-Bedkammer, Fontainebleau.

Chambre à coucher de parade de la reine, à Fontainebleau.

THE QUEEN'S STATE BED-CHAMBER,

PONTAINEAUX.

"Yet 'tis not here that I should dwell,
Though fair the palace be
The summer's favourite abode —
A cooler place for me."

The Poetess.

One of the apartments shown to the public, is the Queen's state bed-room. An immense medallion, accompanied by four smaller ones, variously decorated, yet uniting in design, forms the ceiling, which is of handsome wood-work, beautifully sculptured and richly gilded. It was built in the reigns of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. The doors are from designs of the time of Louis XVI., and so also are the chimney-piece, the windows, and their accompanying decorations. The state-bed and its canopy, which have replaced the ancient alcove, as well as all the other furniture, are of the same date; but the stuff, manufactured at Lyons in 1785, was not made use of until the commencement of the Imperial government.

This apartment communicates with the Queen's boudoir, formerly called the Cabinet of the Emperors, because Charles IX. had the twelve Cæsars, on horseback, larger than life, painted on canvass, and placed here. During the reign of Louis XIII., this apartment became one of the most favourite in the palace, and was embellished with paintings by the best masters. Louis XVI. destroyed it, and caused it to be replaced by the boudoir, which is now shown to visitors, as well as by the little room which is above it. This boudoir, so remarkably costly, is ornamented with painted hangings upon a silver ground. The arabesques which adorn the panels are very graceful; the floor is mahogany, in the centre the arms of Marie-Antoinette are inserted. The ceiling was painted by Bartholomew, which leads to the supposition that the decorations altogether date from the year 1780: in short, nothing has been neglected, in order to give to this apartment all the elegance which would be required for such a distinction. It is lighted by two windows, looking into the king's garden. The fastening of each window is a blue and gold thyrsus, out of which an acanthus is chiselled with much ingenuity. This piece of workmanship, which the cleverest artist might be proud of, is attributed to the unfortunate Louis XVI. Above this is the Turkish apartment, consisting of a small saloon and bed-chamber, fitted up after the Eastern fashion.



The Powers of the Mind and Character

by James M. Smith, D.D., President of the University of Michigan

Published by the University of Michigan Press

THE QUEEN'S STATE BED-CHAMBER,

FONTAINBLEAU.

" Yet 'tis not here that I should dwell,
Though fair the palace be
The summer's favourite citadel :—
A busier place for me."

The Retreat.

ONE of the apartments shown to the public, is the Queen's state bed-room. An immense medallion, accompanied by four smaller ones, variously decorated, yet uniting in design, forms the ceiling, which is of handsome wood-work, beautifully sculptured and richly gilded. It was built in the reigns of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. The doors are from designs of the time of Louis XVI., and so also are the chimney-piece, the windows, and their accompanying decorations. The state-bed and its canopy, which have replaced the ancient alcove, as well as all the other furniture, are of the same date; but the stuff, manufactured at Lyons in 1785, was not made use of until the commencement of the Imperial government.

This apartment communicates with the Queen's boudoir, formerly called the Cabinet of the Emperors, because Charles IX. had the twelve Cæsars, on horseback, larger than life, painted on canvass, and placed here. During the reign of Louis XIII., this apartment became one of the most favourite in the palace, and was embellished with paintings by the first masters. Louis XVI. destroyed it, and caused it to be replaced by the boudoir, which is now shown to visitors, as well as by the little room which is above it. This boudoir, so remarkably costly, is ornamented with painted hangings upon a silver ground. The arabesques which adorn the panels are very graceful; the floor is mahogany, in the centre the arms of Marie-Antoinette are inserted. The ceiling was painted by Barthélemy, which leads to the supposition that the decorations altogether date from the year 1780: in short, nothing has been neglected, in order to give to this apartment all the elegance which would be required for such a distinction. It is lighted by two windows, looking into the king's garden. The fastening of each window is a blue and gold thyrsus, out of which an acanthus is chiselled with much ingenuity. This piece of workmanship, which the cleverest artist might be proud of, is attributed to the unfortunate Louis XVI. Above this is the Turkish apartment, consisting of a small saloon and bed-chamber, fitted up after the Eastern fashion.

ROUEN, FROM THE SEINE.

So stands it when the morning light
 First steals upon the skies ;
 And shadow'd by the fallen night
 The sleeping city lies.

ROUEN possesses, in an eminent degree, all that venerable and majestic air that belongs to those continental cities, that were the immediate fruit of feudalism. It is extensive, but compact ; the avenues are numerous and narrow, but the buildings are lofty and architectural. The designs vary with the ages they record, and every era, since the arts were enthroned, is here illustrated, with the exception of the latest. Tourists are at once struck with the similarity that prevails between all feudal cities, and no better specimen of those romantic ages can be found than the ancient and beautiful city of Rouen. When a recent traveller approached the Seine, where this venerable city slumbers on its banks, he exclaimed—"The Rhine ! the Rhine !—Not," he writes, "that the Seine comes up by any means to the Rhine, but individual parts of the former involuntarily remind the traveller of the German river ; and a league or two above Rouen, where the road from Paris descends from the elevated plains into the valley of the Seine, there is such a spot ! The rocks on one side lift their heads aloft in the clouds, while a rich vale, covered with luxuriant crops and studded with timber, appears on the other. The nearer you approach the city, the stronger the impression of the resemblance to Germany becomes ; and when you have entered it, when the diligence is threading its way through the narrow streets, the numerous churches, with their Gothic towers, and the old Frankish houses, would almost persuade you that you are still on the other side of the Rhine."

A modern guide-book, exceeded in usefulness and accuracy by no rival of recent date, describes this noble city in the language of familiarity and of truth also—"Rouen, anciently Rotomagus, the capital of ancient Normandy, and the chief town of the department of the Seine Inferieure, is agreeably seated on the Seine, and yields to no provincial town in France, in its majestic and venerable aspect, in historic associations, and in magnificent buildings—the triumph of the ecclesiastical and civil architecture of the middle ages. It has this advantage also over most other ancient towns, that it is not a mere heap of dry bones, destitute of life, and abandoned by commerce ; its narrow streets, of gable-faced, timber-fronted mansions, swarm like an ant-hill with busy crowds passing to and fro ; it is a focus of trade, and the chief seat of the cotton manufacture in France. It may be called, indeed, the French Manchester. It contains 92,000 inhabitants, and is surpassed in population by only four cities in the kingdom."*

* Murray's Hand-Book, p. 35.





Drawn by T. Allom.

Engraved by S. Pradelle.

Rouen, on the Seine.

Rouen, sur la Seine.

Rouen an der Seine.

FISHER, SON & CO LONDON & PARIS.



Pont gothique d'Evreux, en France.

The Gothic Bridge of Evreux, France.

Die gotische Brücke zu Evreux, Frankreich.

FISHER, SON & CO LONDON & PARIS.

Being seventy miles from the sea, it enjoys security from sudden hostile aggression; and the river being navigable by vessels of 200 tons up to the town, an active commerce is at the same time retained. The quays are extensive, convenient, and form an agreeable promenade, and the Seine is crossed here by two bridges, one of stone, recently executed; the other, formerly of pontoons, paved, and rising and falling with the tide, is succeeded by a handsome suspension bridge, that does not obstruct the navigation. The transit trade of Rouen is considerable, especially since the establishment of steamboats between Harre and Paris, but it is for its manufactures that it is chiefly celebrated. These include cotton, linen, woollen, hardware, paper, hats, pottery, &c. There are, besides, many sugar-refiners in the city, and dyeing is extensively carried on. However, the main staple is cotton-spinning and weaving, which occupies two-thirds of the 55,000 persons engaged in manufactures, and so constitutes the same proportion of the two millions sterling of manufactured goods commonly produced.

THE GOTHIC BRIDGE OF EUDES, TOURS.

How often have I led the sportive choir
With smoking pipe beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And murmured from the wave, the zephyr flew.

GOLDSMITH.

THE banks of the Loire are almost everywhere covered with villages, villas, cottages, cities, and churches: the vineyards present the most agreeable prospect, the plants climbing the steepest acclivities, and occupying stations unsusceptible of any other culture. These rich scenes are exchanged rapidly for others less precipitous, less bold, but neither less romantic or picturesque—scenes abounding in sylvan and in civic beauty. Nothing can exceed the charming site of the old city of Tours. It stands upon a plain included between two noble rivers, the Loire and the Cher, the surface being subdivided into compartments of every variety of cultivated land, corn-fields studded with fruit-trees, and the eye failing to find the boundary of the view, before a range of richly-cultivated hills ascends to protect the crops on the low-land from the west winds, that sometimes sweep destructively over less favoured localities.

The approach to the city is a magnificent panorama, and the *coup-d'œil* remarkably grand. A bridge which spans the Loire is fourteen hundred feet in length, and forty-five in width, having seventeen noble arches, and its causeway leads in a direct line to the *rue royale*, an avenue of great elegance. The town having been almost wholly destroyed by fire, Louis XVI. rebuilt the fronts of this grand vista, at the expense of the nation, on condition that the proprietors of the soil should restore the rest of the houses.



The Spoken Bridge of Cedar Falls

August 1890

Wm. H. H. H. H. H.

Being seventy miles from the sea, it enjoys security from sudden hostile aggression ; and the river being navigable by vessels of 200 tons up to the town, an active commerce is at the same time retained. The quays are extensive, convenient, and form an agreeable promenade, and the Seine is crossed here by two bridges, one of stone, recently executed ; the other, formerly of pontoons, paved, and rising and falling with the tide, is succeeded by a handsome suspension bridge, that does not obstruct the navigation. The transit trade of Rouen is considerable, especially since the establishment of steamboats between Havre and Paris, but it is for its manufactures that it is chiefly celebrated. These include cotton, linen, woollen, hardware, paper, hats, pottery, &c. There are, besides, many sugar-refiners in the city, and dyeing is extensively carried on. However, the main staple is cotton-spinning and weaving, which occupies two-thirds of the 55,000 persons engaged in manufactures, and so constitutes the same proportion of the two millions sterling of manufactured goods commonly produced.

THE GOTHIC BRIDGE OF EUDES, TOURS.

How often have I led the sportive choir
 With tuneless pipe beside the murmuring *Loire* !
 Where shading elms along the margin grew,
 And freshened from the wave, the zephyr flew.

GOLDSMITH.

THE banks of the Loire are almost everywhere covered with villages, villas, cottages, cities, and churches : the vineyards present the most agreeable prospect, the plants climbing the steepest acclivities, and occupying stations unsusceptible of any other culture. These rich scenes are exchanged rapidly for others less precipitous, less bold, but neither less romantic or picturesque—scenes abounding in sylvan and in civic beauty. Nothing can exceed the charming site of the old city of Tours. It stands upon a plain included between two noble rivers, the Loire and the Cher, the surface being subdivided into compartments of every variety of cultivated land, corn-fields studded with fruit-trees, and the eye failing to find the boundary of the view, before a range of richly-cultivated hills ascends to protect the crops on the low-land from the west winds, that sometimes sweep destructively over less favoured localities.

The approach to the city is a magnificent panorama, and the *coup-d'œil* remarkably grand. A bridge which spans the Loire is fourteen hundred feet in length, and forty-five in width, having seventeen noble arches, and its causeway leads in a direct line to the *rue royale*, an avenue of great elegance. The town having been almost wholly destroyed by fire, Louis XVI. rebuilt the fronts of this grand vista, at the expense of the nation, on condition that the proprietors of the soil should restore the rest of the houses.

In the vicinity are many exquisite close scenes, matchless in the gracefulness with which their different parts compose. None of these exceed in agreeable and calm character the picture which the old broken bridge of Eudes, the sluggish stream beneath it, the tapering poplars and spreading elms that wave over it, and the clustered towers of St. Martin's cathedral that out-top the city-roofs, affords.

Eudes, Count of Champagne, was a nobleman of the boldest courage, and greatest caution. He contended successfully against the emperor, who pretended to the throne of Arles and Provence, so that when the nobles of Lombardy came into France in search of a king, they offered the crown not to Henry the First, but to Count Eudes. Encircled with victorious laurels, the voice of the people called Eudes to the throne, during the minority of the infant Charles; and, when he acceded to their wishes, he solemnly declared that he did so as guardian of the rightful prince. This generosity averted the blow that Germany aimed at France, and inscribed the name of Eudes amongst its kings. His vigour was exerted to restrain ambitious chiefs, re-establish regal authority, and introduce the arts of peace and industry amongst his subjects. Having subdued and slain Walgaire, repulsed the confederate armies from the gates of Paris, and extinguished everywhere the torch of discord, he proclaimed Charles the Simple, monarch of France, retaining for himself the district between the Seine and the Pyrenees, as a feudal tenure.

Tours was once the favoured residence of this illustrious prince, and the citizen points, with pardonable pride, to the surviving evidence, that one so brave, generous, and just, selected this fair city as his most frequent home.

PALACE OF THE TUILERIES.

PARIS.

The chosen ruler now resumes the helm,
 He guides through gentle seas the prow of state;
 Hope cheers with wonted smiles the peaceful realm,
 And heals the bleeding wounds of wearied hate.

THE façade of this sumptuous palace extends nearly one thousand feet, and the Pavillon de l'Horloge, its majestic centre, commands a view through a long vista of aged chestnut trees, across the Place de la Concorde, the Champs Elysées, and the Triumphal Arch, to the beautiful bridge of Neuilly, a distance of three full miles. There cannot be imagined a more imposing or exciting spectacle of the kind—one often imitated, but nowhere equalled—than the gay parterres, the foaming fountains, and stately groves, that lead the eye insensibly to the long drawn avenue, embellished but broken midway by the obelisk of Luxor, in the Place de la Concorde, and terminated





Engraved by W. Lloyd.

Drawn by T. Allom.

Palace of the Tuileries.

Palais des Tuileries.

Palast der Tuileries.

FISHER, SON & CO LONDON & PARIS.

by the celebrated colossal Arch of Triumph. But to whatever quarter the eye may be directed, the view is degraded by no unpicturesque or even unpleasant object. On one side is the Rue de Rivoli, a regular range of lofty buildings, sustained by an open arcade; on the other, the palaces of the nobility, succeeding one another along the sloping banks of the Seine, form the side-scene of the picture.

The gardens of the Tuileries are open to the public from eight o'clock in the forenoon until sunset, and all are admitted indiscriminately, save persons carrying burdens—a caution not confined to these beautiful promenades and palace-yards, but observed, scrupulously, in most great public institutions of France and England. No royal palace is approached by the people more nearly or less ceremoniously than this; there is a thoroughfare through the very hall or vestibule, and a single sentinel stationed there, prevents intrusion into the apartments, the grand staircase opening directly into the public passage. It is the line drawn from the Place Carrousel that passes through the vestibule, which, passing across the gardens, connects the fashionable faubourgs of St. Honoré and St. Germain, and, of course, resembles a moving picture during the greater part of the day.

The style of architecture does not mark any particular age; begun after the Renaissance, it was continued during a series of years. The tile-kilns, from which the present name of this royal home is derived, were the common depository of builders' rubbish, until purchased by Francis I., to enclose and complete the areas around the Louvre. Adjoining this locality there was a villa, where Louisa of Savoy, the mother of Francis, resided, which she bequeathed to Jean Tiercelir, maître d'hotel, and this successor parting with his interests, the estate was purchased by Catherine de Medicis, who commenced the present vast edifice for her personal residence.

Philibert Delorme and Jean Bullant were the first architects engaged on the work, and they proceeded so far as the erection of the central and terminal pavilions. At this critical moment, the works were suspended, in consequence of an admonition pronounced by the royal astrologers, "Beware of St. Germain!"—This ominous announcement penetrated deeply the heart of the Queen, for it reminded her that her new palace was rising in the very parish of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and within sound of the tocsin that tolled the death-knell of the Protestants on St. Bartholomew's day. As that bloody tragedy was enacted under her auspices, she feared that vengeance which ever impends over the guilty; and, as if the decrees of Providence could be averted by the precautions of man, postponed altogether her intention of completing the Tuileries.

Until the reign of Henri Quatre, no further additions were made to the imperfect design; under that prince, however, the building was entirely resumed, Duperac and Ducerceau added two long ranges of apartments, and raised two still loftier pavilions. The grand gallery was commenced at this period, and continued from the Tuileries to the palace of the Louvre, by command of Louis XIII.

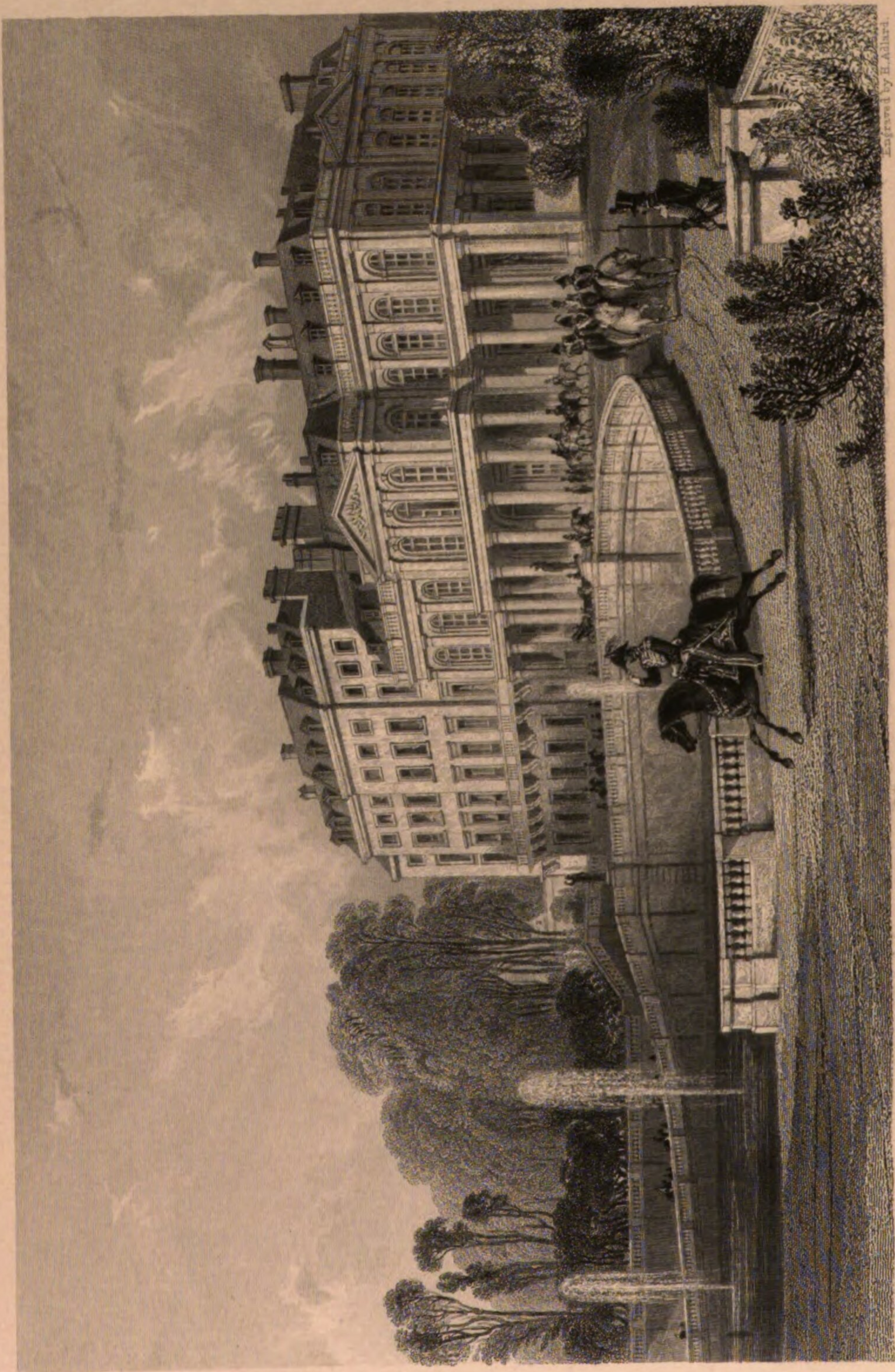
Built at different dates, a want of harmony prevailed throughout the exterior; this was partially remedied by Leveau and D'Orbay, and by order of Louis XIV., and the

elevation as it now stands is precisely as those eminent architects left it. A communication was opened on the north side, with the Louvre, during the imperial government, and Louis Philippe improved and beautified the garden front.

Known as the manner that followed the Renaissance of the sixteenth century, the Tuileries exhibit all the peculiarities, and graces, probably, that belong to that revival. A repetition of this manner may also be examined in the church of Saint Eustache, a work rather of curiosity than refined taste in art.

The total length of the grand façade is one thousand feet; the maximum depth or breadth one hundred. Although to the design no definite style can be ascribed, yet much order and method prevail throughout, and the rules of architecture were scrupulously observed by the great masters engaged in rearing this stately pile. The columns and pilasters of the lower story are of the Ionic order, those of the second, Corinthian; and of the third, Composite. Each order has been adapted to the age of the arts in which it was here introduced, amongst which none is so remarkable and characteristic as the band, or block, that almost disfigures the Ionic shaft. In the original design there were long terraces above the open arcades, connecting the centre and wings of the garden front, but one of these only remains, the other has made way for a new staircase. The *tout ensemble* of this venerable palace is majestic—a character derived from its great length and elevation, rather than from any high architectural pretensions. The other fronts are plain, but that towards the garden is broken by projecting or receding masses, that throw deep shadows over the great line, and break it into less tedious lengths. The two great pavilions, de Flore and Marsan, are distinguished by their lofty windows, lofty roofs, and general boldness of form and character. They have been often imitated elsewhere, but it is obvious, that when deprived of their colossal proportions, they lose much of their interest and much also of their beauty.

But the claims of the Tuileries to notice and recollection belong more to time than to taste, to history than to art. Catherine de Medicis first dwelt here, and afterwards at the Hotel des Soissons; Charles IX. resided here constantly, but after his death the Tuileries ceased to be the favoured home of royalty, until the time of the thirteenth Louis. The fourteenth Louis only dwelt here until Versailles was ready to receive him, after which the French court seldom remained in Paris. The Regent, Orleans, made this his official residence, during the minority of Louis XV., after which period, until the involuntary return of Louis XVI., the occupants of the innumerable apartments here were the retainers and relatives of the court and cabinet.



Engraved by H. Adlard.

Drawn by T. Allam.

Palace of Saint Clouds.

Palast zu St. Clouds.

Palais de Saint-Clouds.

FISHER, SON & CO LONDON & PARIS.

PALACE OF ST. CLOUD.

Woe I've seen, it is not all
 The shadow of court, or crowded hall,
 Could keep me from the lovelier sight
 Of blooming earth and rivers bright.
 Not here I'd dwell,
 And bid my house,
 Sweet, stand of yew, no more to roam.

MRS. ELLIS.

A GREATER degree of popularity belongs to the palace and park of St. Cloud, than to Versailles, or Fontainebleau, or St. Germain. Its proximity to Paris, delightful situation on the river, agreeable promenade amidst its groves, and last, not least, the days and evenings of society passed by the Parisians in "its alleys green," during the periodic festivities of the Tuileries, have occasioned this favoritism. But the partiality for St. Cloud was confined to the rulers as well as to the people; and here the most illustrious, as well as the most obscure, of those whose fortunes were interwoven with national history, selected it as their constant residence.

The palace is an irregular building, combining various and varied designs, forming altogether an agreeable and picturesque architectural facade. Jean de Gondy, a wealthy merchant, bought the estate, and built a residence on them suitable to their extent, in the year 1570. The estate belonged to the Archbishop of Paris; and his three immediate successors made St. Cloud their principal residence. At that period, the gardens, and grounds, and groves were celebrated for their beauty, and were visited with as much fondness as at the present day. The de Gondys, all members of the same family, were succeeded at St. Cloud, then called Chateau de Gondy, by Louis XIV. This monarch purchased the estate in 1688, and presented it to his favourite brother, the Duke of Orleans, who expended here a vast amount of treasure, in rendering it a suitable residence for himself, and conformable to his ideas of taste and splendour. Three able artists were engaged to convert the gardens into pleasing landscapes, and give to the massive proportions of the ancient hall, graces more light and fanciful. Lepante and Girard accomplished one portion of these labours—Mansard, the Christopher Wren of Paris, the other.

In extending the accommodations of the palace and the pleasure-grounds, the talents of Le Notre were subsequently enrolled, and his success fully equalled his employer's anticipations.

Until 1782, St. Cloud continued to be the favourite family seat of the Dukes of Orleans; but in that year it passed, by purchase, to Louis XVI., who presented the estate to his queen, Marie Antoinette. This remarkable woman, so celebrated in the melancholy history of the first Revolution, appears to have been particularly partial to this

PALACE OF ST. CLOUD.

Were I a prince, it is not all
 The charms of court, or crowded hall,
 Could keep me from the lovelier sight
 Of blooming earth and rivers bright.

But here I'd come,
 And find my home,
 Sweet scene of peace, no more to roam. MRS. ELLIS.

A GREATER degree of popularity belongs to the palace and park of St. Cloud, than to Versailles, or Fontainebleau, or St. Germain. Its proximity to Paris, delightful situation on the river, agreeable promenades amidst its groves, and last, not least, the days and evenings of ecstasy passed by the Parisians in "its alleys green," during the periodic festivities in these fairy grounds, have occasioned this favoritism. But the partiality for St. Cloud has extended to the rulers as well as to the people; and here, the most illustrious, as well as most unhappy, of those whose fortunes were interwoven with national history, through preference fixed their constant residence.

The palace is an irregular structure, including various and varied designs, forming altogether an agreeable, but by no means architectural façade. Jean de Gondy, a wealthy merchant, bought these grounds, and raised a mansion on them suitable to their extent, in the year 1572. The next occupant was an archbishop of Paris; and his three immediate successors made St. Cloud the episcopal palace. At that period, the gardens, and grounds, and groves were celebrated for their beauty, and were visited with as much fondness as at the present day. The four archbishops, all members of the same family, were succeeded at St. Cloud, then called Château de Gondy, by Louis XIV. This monarch purchased the estate in 1618, and presented it to his favourite brother, the Duke of Orleans, who expended here a vast amount of treasure, in rendering it a suitable residence for princes, and conformable to his ideas of taste and splendour. Three able artists were engaged to convert the gardens into pleasing landscapes, and give to the massive proportions of the ancient hall, graces more light and fanciful. Lepaute and Girard accomplished one portion of these labours — Mansard, the Christopher Wren of Paris, the other.

In extending the accommodations of the palace and the pleasure-grounds, the talents of Le Notre were subsequently enrolled, and his success fully equalled his employer's anticipations.

Until 1782, St. Cloud continued to be the favourite family seat of the Dukes of Orleans; but in that year it passed, by purchase, to Louis XVI., who presented the estate to his queen, Marie Antoinette. This remarkable woman, so celebrated in the melancholy history of the first Revolution, appears to have been particularly partial to this

residence ; she enlarged the buildings considerably, improved the gardens, and opened new pleasure-grounds.

Jules Janin introduces the following spirited little sketch, of the details that may be imagined to have marked the private meeting between Marie Antoinette and Mirabeau:—
 “It is night, the autumn wind howls through the trees, the yellow leaves are hurled even to the sky, a lamentable noise fills the melancholy forest. On the deserted terrace you may distinguish, by the dim light that proceeds from the stormy heavens, a man walking, who is wrapped in a black cloak ; his step is agitated, his look is restless, his gesture is full of pity : he waits, but like a person who would not wish the appointed hour would come so quickly ; he waits like one who is afraid of his own triumph. Suddenly, at a certain hour of the night, half opens the door of that house from which royalty is already exiled. From this half-opened door issues a woman of noble appearance ; her countenance is pale, her forehead is clear ; by her step, by her courage, you may recognize a queen !—it is a queen, and the man who waits for her is Mirabeau ! The tribune throws himself at the knees of this conquered majesty ; he dares not touch with his hands, he dares not touch with his lips, the hand which is extended towards him. He asks pardon, he implores forgiveness ! Now he can understand all the violence of the blows he has given, to this monarchy of many centuries’ duration !

“The queen raises Mirabeau, and without ostentation, without disguise, without pride, she says to him—‘*Save us !*’ Then, in the mind of this fiery democrat, who had violently thrown down every obstacle that opposed itself to his greatness, is wrought one of those miracles which would have saved a less desperate party ; the gentleman shines out again from beneath the tribune—the draper gives place to the Count Mirabeau. The evil days of his turbulent youth disappear from his remembrance and his reproaches. The Fort de Joux and the Château de Vincennes, and all the *lettres des cachet*, and all the insults formerly offered him, have no longer any power over his reconciled mind ; these lamentable recollections are effaced at the first view of the queen of France—she is a queen, she is a woman, she is a mother, and she supplicates. This time Marie Antoinette is triumphant—Mirabeau is conquered. The tribune quits the terrace of St. Cloud, resolved to save the throne of Louis XVI.”

Napoleon preferred St. Cloud to his other palaces ; and it was there also the first scene of that great drama, which placed him on the imperial throne, was enacted. The Council of Five Hundred were holding their session in the Salle de l’Orangerie of Saint Cloud, on the 11th of November, 1799, when General Buonaparte entered, accompanied by four grenadiers, while the open doors admitted a distinct view of nodding plumes and bristling bayonets without. The grenadiers halting near the door, the general advanced alone to the centre of the Orangerie, amidst cries of—“Drawn swords in the sanctuary !” — “Outlawry !” — “Let him be proclaimed a traitor.” Several of the council rushed upon him, and one of them, Arena, aimed a dagger at his throat. The grenadiers, infuriated at the violence offered to their general, with breathless haste came to his rescue, receiving the wounds that were aimed at him.



Designed by T. Allom.

Engraved by J. B. Allen.

The Salon d'abdication, Fontainebleau.

Salon der Abdankung, Fontainebleau.

TISHEN, SON & CO. LONDON & PARIS.

Buonaparte escaped without injury, and, returning to the armed force drawn up before the Orangerie, exclaimed—"I offered them victory and life, and they answered me with daggers."

Lucien Buonaparte was present at the attack, and, finding all communication with his brother cut off, he withdrew also, and sought security under the arched loggia outside. There he declared that factious men, with daggers in their hands, interrupted the deliberations, and that force ought instantly to be employed. Le Clerc, at the head of a company of grenadiers, entered the Orangerie, and reiterated shouts of "Vive le Republique." Of these manifestations he took no notice, but, desiring the deputies to depart, and ordering the grenadiers to leave their posts, he terminated the contest by separating between Napoleon and the French people. The deputies escaped through the loggia and windows, and every other measure affording access, leaving this hall of judgment to the dictator, precisely as Pitt was allowed to retain possession of the British House of Commons, when he desired one of his myrmidons "to take away the shining bauble, and lock up the doors."

Here the court resided at the period of the first Revolution—here Napoleon first raised the standard of absolutism—and it was here also that the first intelligence of another revolution reached Charles X., in the memorable year of 1830.

SALON DE L'ABDIICATION.

FONTAINEBLEAU.

There seek the greatest, now the worst of men,
Whose spirit antithetically exist,
One moment of the mightiest, and again
On little objects with like firmness fixt,
Extreme in all things! hadst thou been defeat,
Thy throne had still been thine.

BYRON.

ALTHOUGH inferior in proportions, decorations, and antique splendour to the apartments of ceremony named after the Henrys, no cabinet at Fontainebleau is more entirely immortalized than that called the Salon de l'Abdication. The ceiling is adorned with a painting on canvas, enclosed by a rich gilt frame or cornice, representing Power and Justice, painted with admirable effect by Renard. It was in the Cabinet de Travail, writes a French historian, and in the left corner as you enter, that the Emperor Napoleon, betrayed by fortune and abandoned by many of those men whom he had raised to the highest offices in the state, signed his abdication in 1814. Posterity will visit with feelings of respect, those places that were witnesses to a political event of such great interest, and which will be found recorded by a far-sighted



The Lake of Geneva, Switzerland

Château de St. Pierre, Switzerland

Buonaparte escaped without injury, and returning to the armed force drawn up before the Orangerie, exclaimed—"I offered them victory and fame, and they answered me with daggers."

Lucien Buonaparte was president of the council, and finding all remonstrance vain, he withdrew also, and sought security amidst the armed legions outside. There he declared that factious men, with daggers in their hands, interrupted the deliberations, and that force ought instantly to be employed. Le Clerc, at the head of a company of grenadiers, entered the Orangerie, amidst reiterated shouts of "*Vive la Republique!*" Of these manifestations he took no notice, but desiring the deputies to disperse, and ordering the grenadiers to level their pieces, he terminated the contest for supremacy between Napoleon and the French people. The deputies escaped through side-doors and windows, and every other aperture affording egress, leaving this hall of parliament to the dictator, precisely as Cromwell was allowed to retain possession of the British House of Commons, when he desired one of his myrmidons "to take away the shining bauble, and lock-up the doors."

Here the court resided at the period of the first Revolution—here Napoleon first raised the standard of absolutism—and it was here also that the first intelligence of another revolution reached Charles X., in the memorable year of 1830.

SALON DE L'ABDICATION,

FONTAINEBLEAU.

There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of men,
 Whose spirit antithetically mixt,
 One moment of the mightiest, and again
 On little objects with like firmness fixt,
 Extreme in all things! hadst thou been betwixt,
 Thy throne had still been thine. BYRON.

ALTHOUGH inferior in proportions, decorations, and antique splendour to the apartments of ceremony named after the Henrys, no cabinet at Fontainebleau is more entirely immortalized than that called the Salon de l'Abdication. The ceiling is adorned with a painting on canvass, enclosed by a rich gilt frame or cornice, representing Power and Justice, painted with admirable effect by Renaud. It was in the Cabinet de Travail, writes a French historian, and in the left corner as you enter, that the Emperor Napoleon, betrayed by fortune and abandoned by many of those men whom he had raised to the highest offices in the state, signed his abdication in 1814. Posterity will visit with feelings of respect, those places that were witnesses to a political event of such great interest, and which will be found recorded by a fac-simile

of the Emperor's hand-writing, which has been suspended on the wainscot, close to the little table on which the original was signed, by order of King Louis Philippe.

It was at early morn on the third of April, 1814, that Caulincourt returned from his mission to the palace of Fontainebleau, bringing tidings of events that seemed to seal the fate of Napoleon. He stated the uncertainty that prevailed as to the temporary government of the kingdom, and the hesitation of the allied sovereigns with respect to the appointment of a regent,—concluding, however, with the assurance, that whatever decision might hereafter be formed, on that and other points of policy, on one point, the Emperor's abdication, they were firmly resolved. Napoleon lost none of his wonted firmness at this announcement; on the contrary, he expressed his intention of again meeting his enemies on the battle-field. Not so, however, his veteran Marshals, his companions in the hundred fights, who, in reply to their chieftain's call to arms, unanimously declined accompanying him any longer in his career of ambition.

Turning from his Marshals to his men, he sought higher sentiments in the lower ranks, and was not mistaken in his expectations, for, when he had concluded an exposé of the treasonable proceedings at Paris, and the desertion of those whom he had cherished with a father's fondness, shouts of "to Paris! to Paris!" rang through the air for several minutes. Relying on the attachment of his legions so clamorously pronounced, the Emperor resolved on appealing to the goddess of war once more, and directed head-quarters to be advanced to Essone. He had about 50,000 men under his immediate orders in the vicinity of Fontainebleau, including Marmont's division, which had been permitted to retire from Paris, and the division which himself led thither from Troyes; and with this force he determined to move upon Paris without delay.

But the hopes that were raised by the enthusiasm of his soldiers passing in review, were dissipated immediately after by his generals. These faithless followers of his fortunes entered his private chamber in the palace, and remonstrated with him on the impolicy of such a step as the siege of Paris, in terms that left no doubt on his mind of his having totally lost their allegiance. They told him plainly, that his abdication was demanded by the nation, as well as by themselves, and that they would not be parties to any attack on the capital. The Emperor heard their remonstrance in silence; and continued in the same thoughtful mood, and attitude, for some minutes after they had concluded; then resuming arguments for awhile, he gradually yielded, and seating himself with apparent composure at the little round table, still preserved in the cabinet de Travail, drew up the following document:—

"The Allied Powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon is the sole obstacle to the re-establishment of peace in Europe, he, faithful to his oath, declares that he is ready to descend from the throne, to quit France, and even to relinquish life, for the good of his country; which is inseparable from the rights of his son, from those of the regency in the person of the Empress, and from the maintenance of the laws of the Empire." "Done at our palace of Fontainebleau, April 4th, 1814. —Napoleon."

Caulincourt was employed to convey this document to Paris, where the Senate had



Drawn by T. Allom.

Engraved by J. H. Le Roux.

Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris.

Cathédrale de Notre-Dame, Paris.

Cathédrale de Notre-Dame, à Paris.

FISHER, SON & CO LONDON & PARIS.

A species of superstition, from which even reformers are not exempt, has led to the establishment of each new religion on the altars of the old. Hence heathen temples have been converted into Christian churches, and the followers of Mahomet have desecrated some of the noblest ecclesiastical buildings, by infusing within their sides their unholy standard. An altar, and perhaps a temple also, to Olympian Jove, once occupied the site of Notre-Dame cathedral; but, these have yielded to the impulse of that change that is in everlasting progress, in religion as well as social communities, and were converted into a church dedicated to Stephen the Martyr, in the year 885, when Valentinian I. was emperor of Rome. Childebert, the son of Clovis, a prince of piety and learning, was recommended, by the venerable Saint Germain, to enlarge and adorn this sacred edifice, and it was about the year 523 that the magnificent structure was completed. Fortunatus, bishop of Poitiers, a contemporary of the emperor, has given us the beauty and extent of this venerated temple, which he describes as surpassing all others in spiritual, although not in architectural superiority. Childebert having added to the original building a Lady-chapel, the whole edifice has been

already risen against absolute authority, and the marshals required the attendance of Ney, before the allies and the senate, on their behalf. Marmont, one of the last who forsook his master, was named by the Emperor as one of the deputation, but being at Essone with the advanced-guard, and events not admitting of delay, his place was taken by Marshal Macdonald. The deputies asked for distinct instructions, and especially desired to know to what stipulations, with regard to the Emperor's personal position, or security, they were restricted; to which he answered—"None, obtain the best terms you can for France; for myself, ask nothing."

His conduct and deportment during these remarkable events became the elevated position which he had filled, and fully sustained his characteristic magnanimity. When the deputation left the chamber, however, he threw himself on a couch, hid his face with his hands for a few minutes, then suddenly starting from a sort of reverie in which he was wrapt, exclaimed—"My comrades, let us march,—let us once more enter the field of battle." The silence that prevailed was interrupted by some sobs and tears; he, too, became silent—dismissed the assemblage—and the Empire of the French may then be said to have ended.

CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE-DAME, PARIS.

"Hark! the loud organ's peal—the cloistered train,
With measured footsteps, and with thoughtful air,
Approach the precincts of the holy fane,
Vigil to keep, and breathe the midnight prayer."

OWEN HOWELL.

A SPECIES of superstition, from which even reformers are not exempt, has led to the establishment of each new religion on the altars of the old. Hence heathen temples have been converted into Christian churches, and the followers of Mahomet have desecrated some of the noblest ecclesiastical buildings, by unfurling within their aisles their unholy standard. An altar, and perhaps a temple also, to Olympian Jove, once occupied the site of Notre-Dame cathedral; but, these have yielded to the impulses of that change that is in everlasting progress, in religion as well as social communities, and were converted into a church dedicated to Stephen the Martyr, in the year 365, when Valentinian I. was emperor of Rome. Childebert, the son of Clovis, a prince of piety and learning, was recommended, by the venerable Saint Germain, to enlarge and enrich this sacred edifice, and it was about the year 522 that the embellishments which he suggested were executed. Fortunatus, bishop of Poitiers, a contemporary of St Germain, eulogizes the beauty and extent of this venerated temple, which he places above that of Solomon in spiritual, although not in architectural superiority. Childebert having added to the original building a Lady-chapel, the whole edifice henceforward

took its name from this royal foundation; and Robert, the son of Hugh Capet, raised the principal part of the splendid church, which still preserves the designation of the cathedral of Notre-Dame. To the original design many additions were soon after made; Pope Alexander III. was amongst the earliest benefactors, and most liberal patrons, of the grand undertaking, in return for the hospitality he experienced from Maurice de Saliac, bishop of Paris, to whom he fled for shelter from his enemies. In 1177, the apsis of the choir was built, but not roofed, and further progress was made towards completion, at this period, by bishop Maurice. In 1182 the high altar was publicly consecrated by Henry, legate of the see of Rome; and Heraclius, patriarch of Jerusalem, who came to Paris to preach the third crusade, performed high mass, for the first time, in the choir of the cathedral.

The dimensions of the building are noble and just; there was formerly a brass tablet attached to one of the pillars, on which they were inscribed, but the frenzied zeal of revolutionary eras consigned it to destruction. It was there recorded that the length of the nave and choir was 390 feet, and of the transepts 144; the height of the vaulting 102 feet, above which rises a roof of chestnut-wood to a point still thirty feet higher. The weight of lead covering the roof exceeds four hundred thousand pounds, and the diameter of the marigold windows measures thirty-six feet. These were the statistics of the building, traced upon the tablet which offended the reformers. The style is the early pointed, or first order of Gothic; and, in the additions made at periods subsequent to the original erection, so closely has the manner been observed, that distinction is extremely difficult—in fact, there is no difference between the parts built in different ages, with the exception of a somewhat higher finish in the later workmanship. The columns that sustain the side-aisles are alternately plain and clustered, and the capitals of all, both in the centre and side aisles, are beautifully enriched.

A triforium is carried over one aisle only, save at the transepts, where it is adapted to two, although neither transept, in fact, has any aisle. The opening of the triforium gallery consists of triple arches, separated by beautifully carved marble colonnettes, the whole canopied by a pointed arch, the *enceinte* of which is pierced by a circular aperture. The triforium gallery of the choir is lighted by coupled arches, enclosed by a single one of greater capacity, the area of which is plain. The clerestory consists of pointed windows of two compartments, each having a circular light above, and the window-heads falling into canopies, singularly adapted to the exigencies of the vaulted ceiling. In every part of the groining, a quadrupartite division prevails, and the vaulting ribs descend to the imposts of the pillars. In the north aisle there is a curious bas-relief, removed here from the chapel of St. Nicholas; it was taken from the tomb of Etienne Yver, who died about the middle of the fifteenth century, and is intended to represent the Last Judgment. A figure is seen rising from the tomb, and near it is a body covered with worms, in the act of destroying. A colossal statue of St. Christopher stood in the aisle, placed there, in 1413, by Antoine des Essens, but it offended the delicacy of the reformers of 1785, and was, in consequence, removed. The pavement of the nave, side-aisles, and eastern corridors, is of black and white

marble, arranged in diamond shapes ; and two capacious marble shells, for the reception of holy water, stand at the western end of the nave.

The high altar was pulled down, the paintings cut into pieces, the decorations of every kind destroyed, by the revolutionists ; but all these follies were to some extent atoned for by Napoleon. He set up an altar more costly than that which fanaticism had prostrated ; he collected all the reliques, statues, and paintings, that survived the havoc of those memorable days ; and re-opened the cathedral of his capital for holy rites, with all that splendour which he was so capable of assuming.

It was on Easter Sunday, in 1802, that the procession to the church of Notre-Dame took place, for the public restoration of the Catholic worship : the free exercise of their religion had then been for some months allowed to the people, and the churches, which had long been closed, were once more opened, but this was the first occasion, since the establishment of order, in which the constituted authorities had, as a body, assisted in any religious ceremony. Since the extinction of royalty, no public display of this description had been made by the ruling authorities ; and the chief actor in the drama, himself a great observer of mankind, was fully conscious of the value of such pageants in exciting national vanity.

At the appointed hour of departure from the Tuileries, a body of five hundred men, cavalry and infantry, the consular guard, issued slowly from the court ; then followed the carriages of the senate, the legislative body, the tribunate, and all the public officers, with those of the foreign ambassadors, and many private equipages. After these came eight beautiful cream-coloured horses, that had been presented to Buonaparte by the king of Spain, each led by a young mameluke, in the costume of his country ; and then, Roustan, the first consul's mameluke friend, and attendant upon all occasions. To these succeeded the state-coach, with the three consuls, drawn by eight horses, and carrying three footmen, in rich liveries of green velvet, edged with gold. The procession was closed by several troops of cavalry. The cortège returned from Notre-Dame, after the celebration of high mass, in the same order, and was received with even louder marks of approbation by the populace. In the evening there was a concert for the public in the gardens of the Tuileries, and the principal theatres were open for gratuitous admission. The palace and gardens were brilliantly illuminated, and fireworks were displayed in different quarters of Paris.

THIERS, PUY DE DÔME.

“ Meanwhile, unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
And hurled everywhere their waters' sheen ;
That as they bicker'd through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.”

THOMSON.

THERE are scenic passages in different lands so closely resembling each other, that the similarity is observed by every traveller. Thiers and Tivoli are twin landscapes of this kind. Seated on steep, sudden, and broken acclivities, Thiers commands a wide-spread prospect over the rich and fertile Limagne, to the distant barrier of the Dôme mountains ;—its Italian rival looks abroad over the Campagna towards the “ Eternal City.” Both towns are seated on the banks of rapid torrents, that have formed deep, dark, channels for their fretting waters, far below the rocky pinnacles on which the buildings stand. Inferior to very many places of France in commercial importance and amount of population, Thiers has always maintained a reputation for the beauty of its position, salubrity of its climate, and industry of the inhabitants. Such scenes are unfrequent, and therefore more admired, in France. The river, at a short distance from the town, tumbling down a series of precipices, presents so many picturesque cascades, and contributes at each new descent to acquire additional interest, from its lending additional powers for the promotion of industry. Mills for paper, iron-work, and other manufactures, are established at these falls, contributing, by the aid of art, to enhance the loveliness of nature.

The distant view of Thiers, hanging over the deep channel of the Durole, is most pleasing and romantic ; and few prospects display their beauties so extensively, with so little diminution of effect, the clearness of the atmosphere permitting the town to be seen distinctly from Clermont, a distance of two-and-twenty miles. The vicinity is not less interesting than the site itself ; on one side, wild and savage scenery presents itself—on the other, rocks, clothed with luxuriant vines, impending over broad and fertile meadows. From the higher streets, the view extends towards the plain of Limagne, dotted with villas, and villages, seated on gently rising hills. In the distance stand the lofty mountains that encumber a large portion of Auvergne.

The first ingress amidst the houses is not unpleasant, from the singular appearance of their fronts, painted occasionally in fresco, after the fashion of Italy ; but a further acquaintance with the streets does not add to the first impression. The dwellings, in general, are tall, narrow, and gloomy-looking ; the avenues narrow, crooked, and ill-paved ; the doorways, from their contracted dimensions, threaten inhospitality ; and nothing can produce a stronger, or more singular effect, than the contrast between the steep streets of Thiers, and the prospect of the far-off country that is seen in descending them.





Thiers. Puy de Dôme.

Thiers. Puy de Dôme.

Thiers. Puy de Dôme.

FISHER, SON & CO LONDON & PARIS.



Rockemaure, on the Rhone.

Rockemaure, sur le Rhone.

Rockemaure, an der Rhone.

FISHER, SON & CO LONDON & PARIS.

Little remains to indicate an ancient settlement here; the church of St. Genès, a Romanesque structure, is probably of the twelfth century; and that of Du Montier is still more ancient. Some towers of the old castle still stand upright, and give incontestable evidence of having once been important defences; they are surrounded by wild scenery, that lends increased grandeur to their character. "At a ruined gateway, near an antique bridge over the murmuring torrent, is a tower, enclosing a small oratory, where, closed in with bars, through which she can be seen by all, is enthroned Notre Dame des Figures, covered with roses and lilies."

"Amongst the *deux fies* walks," writes M. Costello, "we took at Thiers, one to the Château des Hauts was peculiarly agreeable. There is but little remaining of the ancient castle, which, now a modern house, belongs to a family described to us as another band of brothers, like the stalwart sons of Hardicanute, all handsome and fine-looking—'as proper youths and tall.' The last of them lives with a *ci-devant* fairly fair, his sister, both now nearly eighty, and both were confined with gout, which prevented them from extending to us in person the hospitality for which they are celebrated in the country. This castle stands on a high hill, in a most beautiful position, with all the mountains of Auvergne around it; and, before it was ruined by the Revolution, must have been a very handsome domain." "We were seated on a bank in a fine walk in the garden; a magnificent prospect of mountain and vale was spread beneath the adjoining meadows and corn-fields; and we were told, all, as far as we could see, once belonged to the Seigneur des Hauts, but had passed away to other hands at the Revolution, which had left but a small domain and fortune to the most generous and amiable of men."*

ROCHEMAURE, ON THE RHONE.

"The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom
Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between
The wild rocks, shaped as they had tarrets been,
In mockery of man's art."

BYRON.

THE banks of the Rhone, from Montelimart almost to Avignon, consist of basaltic rocks, assuming the most fantastic shapes, and exhibiting each transition state, from the rude onion-form to the crystallized and perfect column. It is on rounding the point of Ancône that the three great lava rocks first present their tall majestic forms, combined into one great family, and completely detached and separated from the vast chalky hills, on which, at a distance, they appear so distinctly in relief. The recesses

* *Ville Pilgrimage to Auvergne*, vol. ii. p. 102, &c.



Redemption in the Rhine

Redemption in the Rhine

Redemption in the Rhine

Redemption in the Rhine

Little remains to indicate an ancient settlement here; the church of St. Genès, a Romanesque structure, is probably of the twelfth century; and that of Du Moutier is still more ancient. Some towers of the old castle still stand upright, and give incontestable evidence of having once been important defences; they are surrounded by wild scenery, that lends increased grandeur to their character. "At a ruined gateway, near an antique bridge over the murmuring torrent, is a tower, enclosing a small oratory, where, closed in with bars, through which she can be seen by all, is enthroned Notre Dame des Piques, covered with tinsel and finery."

"Amongst the many fine walks," writes Miss Costello, "we took at Thiers, one to the Château des Hauts was peculiarly agreeable. There is but little remaining of the ancient castle, which, now a modern house, belongs to a family described to us as another band of brothers, like the stalwart sons of Hardicanute, all handsome and fine-looking—'six proper youths and tall.' The last of them lives with a *ci-devant* fairly fair, his sister; both are nearly eighty, and both were confined with gout, which prevented them from extending to us in person the hospitality for which they are celebrated in the country. This castle stands on a high hill, in a most beautiful position, with all the mountains of Auvergne around it, and, before it was ruined by the Revolution, must have been a very handsome domain." "We were seated on a bank in a fine walk in the garden; a magnificent prospect of mountain and vale was spread beneath the adjoining meadows and corn-fields; and we were told, all, as far as we could see, once belonged to the Seigneur des Hauts, but had passed away to other hands at the Revolution, which had left but a small domain and fortune to the most generous and amiable of men."*

ROCHEMAURE, ON THE RHONE.

"The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom
Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between
The wild rocks, shaped as they had turrets been,
In mockery of man's art."

BYRON.

THE banks of the Rhone, from Montelimart almost to Avignon, consist of basaltic rocks, assuming the most fantastic shapes, and exhibiting each transition state, from the rude onion-form to the crystallized and perfect column. It is on rounding the point of Ancona that the three great lava rocks first present their tall majestic forms, combined into one great family, and completely detached and separated from the vast chalky hills, on which, at a distance, they appear so distinctly in relief. The recesses

* Vide *Pilgrimage to Auvergne*, vol. ii. p. 102, &c.

and the curiosities of this basaltic region are explored with facility, by those who approach by the little hamlet of *Les Fontaines*. This pleasing spot, a suitable retreat of health and peace, is overshadowed by a vast mountain-mass, clothed with vineyards and with olive-trees, that are always green, enjoying the first rays of each rising sun. Plantations, meadows, gardens, contribute to adorn the picture by their variety, and scent the air with their fragrance. The landscape is enriched, also, by an extensive panorama, comprehending a long perspective of the noblest river in the south of France, the pleasing scenery around the smiling villages on the river banks, hills mantled over with vines and fruit trees, and every kind of foliage—further, the towns and hamlets of Provence, and yet further, the serrated outline of the lofty Alps.

Of the three basaltic piles that give character to the scenery in this locality, the tallest attains an elevation of three hundred feet, its companions falling little short of an equal height. These are all indurated masses of black basalt, and include many of the varieties of trap. Those who favour an igneous origin, not only of basalt, but of created matter, may here read some of those pages which nature occasionally opens to her students. The rudely-formed trap, the basaltic onion, the incipient columnization, and the perfect prism, are all illustrated in the rocks of Rochemaure. Such rocky regions suggest to the lively imaginations of the children of song, never-ending feats of chivalry and romance. Amidst the huge rocks in the pass of Llanberis, Mrs. Radcliffe found the original of Udolpho's castle; in the vale of St. John, the castellated rock is shown, where the princess slept for a hundred years. The rocks that rise over Rochemaure are formed into—

Buttress and rampire's circling bound,
And mighty keep and tower.

The castle that crowns the basaltic height, and is identified with the lava on which it rests, must once have been of great height and circuit, and almost impregnable. Within its feudal halls dwelt successively the races of Soubise and Vantador, no inglorious names in the rolls of chivalry. The grand entrance, courts within courts, and curtain-walls, still indicate the character of a peculiar age; and the desolation and desertion that reign around, attest the social changes that have succeeded. The armoury, chapel, mint, deep wells, large cisterns, dark dungeons, spacious halls, high chambers, and countless lesser rooms, are interesting illustrations of ages past. Now these walls are—

Tenantless, save to the crannying wind,
Or holding dark communion with the cloud;
There was a day when they were young and proud,
Banners on high, and battles passed below!

The highest tower stands on the inaccessible pinnacle of a basaltic pile, and at a short distance from its base is a hollow, four hundred feet in perpendicular depth, by naturalists confidently believed to be the crater of an ancient volcano. A glorious view of the windings of the Rhone, and the rugged hills of Dauphiny, may be obtained from the castle heights.



Drawn by T. Allom.

Engraved by J.H. Le Roux

Saloon of Louis Philippe, Fontainebleau.

Salon de Louis Philippe, Fontainebleau.

Das Salon Louis Philippe, Fontainebleau.

FISHER SON & CO LONDON & PARIS.

Rochemaure is but a petty village, seated on the right bank of the river, and at the foot of the great castellated rock, on which the château of its rulers was erected. The cottages are scattered around the ramparts, or hanging over the stream of the river. They are built of the prevailing stone, having their foundations on the hard basalt, into which the steps leading to the doorways are, in many instances, cut with the chisel. The door and window frames are set in large prisms of basalt; and the eaves and drip-stones, and chimneys, are formed of lava blocks, in the regular shapes which creation has assigned them. In short, Rochemaure, whether the name be a soubriquet signifying "the Rock of the Moor," that is, the Black Rock, is not unlike the fragments of a city originally hewn out of the solid rock, and reduced to its present spectral character by the abrading power of time and tempests.

SALON OF LOUIS PHILIPPE,

FONTAINEBLEAU.

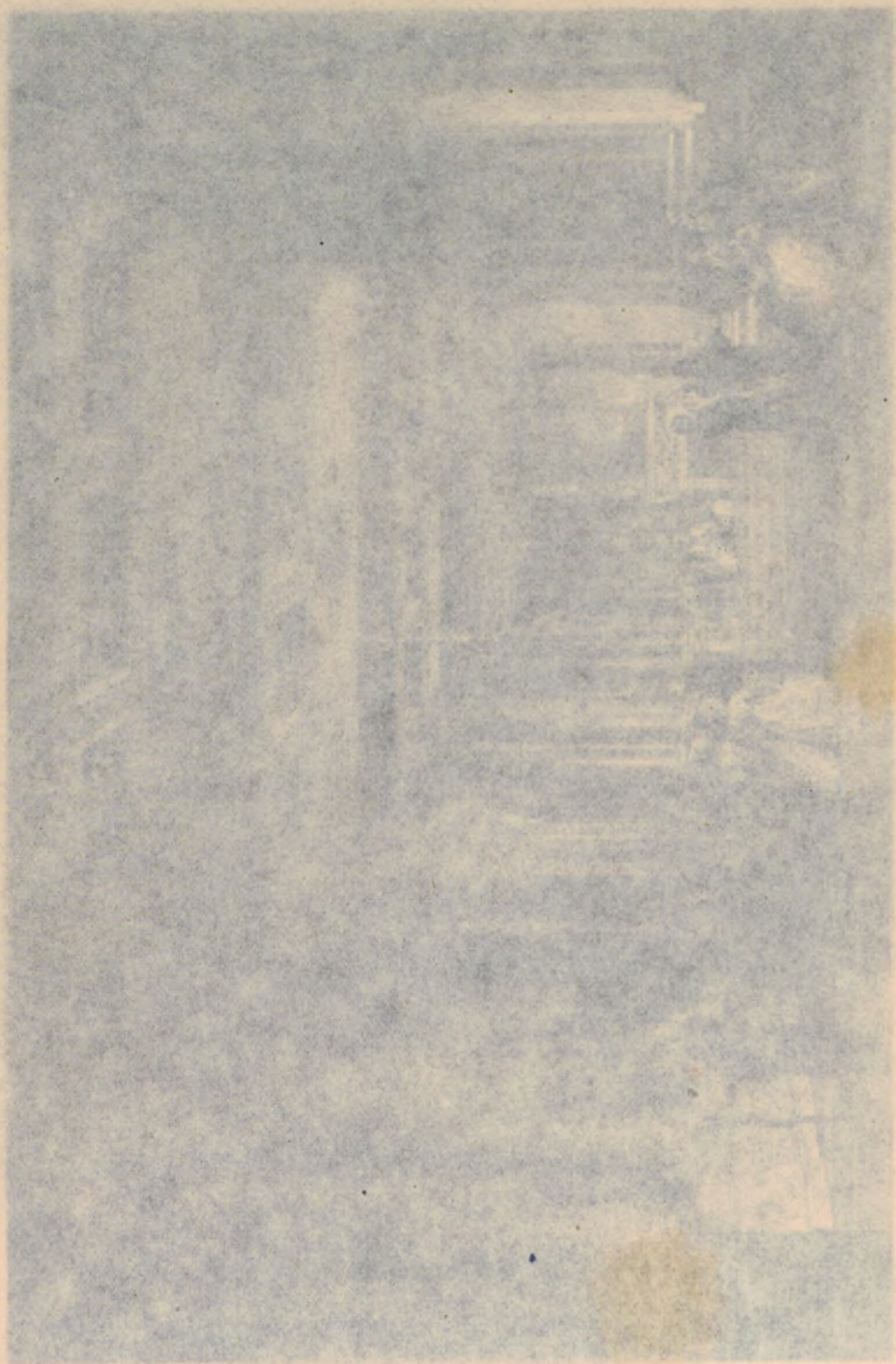
"The palace of princes, my spirit enters in,
Sees many a veiled misery, and many a gilded sin—
And many a form, like angels fair,
From whom the spirit shrieks, and cries, Beware! Beware!"

MARY HOWITT.

ONE range of apartments in Fontainebleau Palace, built during the reign of Francis the First, was designed originally for a gallery of art. It was after the antique gusto, and subsequently converted, with much fancy as well as judgment, by Louis XIV., into saloons for the household of the Dauphin. Napoleon appropriated the same suite of rooms to the accommodation of his establishment, and under the empire, "*Conciergie*," in conspicuous letters, was placed over their principal entrance door.

Desirous of restoring every object in these ancient halls to its primitive beauty, every apartment to its original destination, Louis Philippe has bestowed particular attention on the revival of the central part of the palace, causing all the partitions to be removed, and the whole suite of minor chambers to be again thrown open into a grand and beautiful gallery.

Of equal dimension with the Salon of Henry II., which is immediately over it, the hall of Louis Philippe presents a chaste and elegant architectural spectacle. On each side are ranged, in pairs, eight handsome marble columns; and at each end of the room, four. They are in the Doric order, each resting on a subplinth, and sustaining a soffit, adorned with the most classic and highly-finished designs. These decorations, the pedestals and coupled columns, were necessary for the secure support of the massive beams that compose the ceiling, and sustain the incumbent weight of



Library of the University of Toronto

Acquired by the University of Toronto

From the collection of the University of Toronto

Printed by the University of Toronto Press

Rochemaure is but a petty village, seated on the right bank of the river, and at the foot of the great castellated rock, on which the château of its rulers was erected. The cottages are scattered around the ramparts, or hanging over the stream of the river. They are built of the prevailing stone, having their foundations on the hard basalt, into which the steps leading to the doorways are, in many instances, cut with the chisel. The door and window frames are set in large prisms of basalt; and the eaves and drip-stones, and chimneys, are formed of lava blocks, in the regular shapes which creation has assigned them. In short, Rochemaure, whether the name be a soubriquet signifying "the Rock of the Moor," that is, the Black Rock, is not unlike the fragments of a city originally hewn out of the solid rock, and reduced to its present spectral character by the abrading power of time and tempests.

SALON OF LOUIS PHILIPPE,

FONTAINBLEAU.

"The palaces of princes, my spirit enters in,
Sees many a veiled misery, and many a gilded sin—
And many a form, like angels fair,
From whom the spirit shrinks, and cries, Beware! Beware!"

MARY HOWITT.

ONE range of apartments in Fontainebleau Palace, built during the reign of Francis the First, was designed originally for a gallery of art. It was after the antique gusto, and subsequently converted, with much fancy as well as judgment, by Louis XIV., into saloons for the household of the Dauphin. Napoleon appropriated the same suite of rooms to the accommodation of his establishment, and under the empire, "*Conciergie*," in conspicuous letters, was placed over their principal entrance door.

Desirous of restoring every object in these ancient halls to its primitive beauty, every apartment to its original destination, Louis Philippe has bestowed particular attention on the revival of the central part of the palace, causing all the partitions to be removed, and the whole suite of minor chambers to be again thrown open into a grand and beautiful gallery.

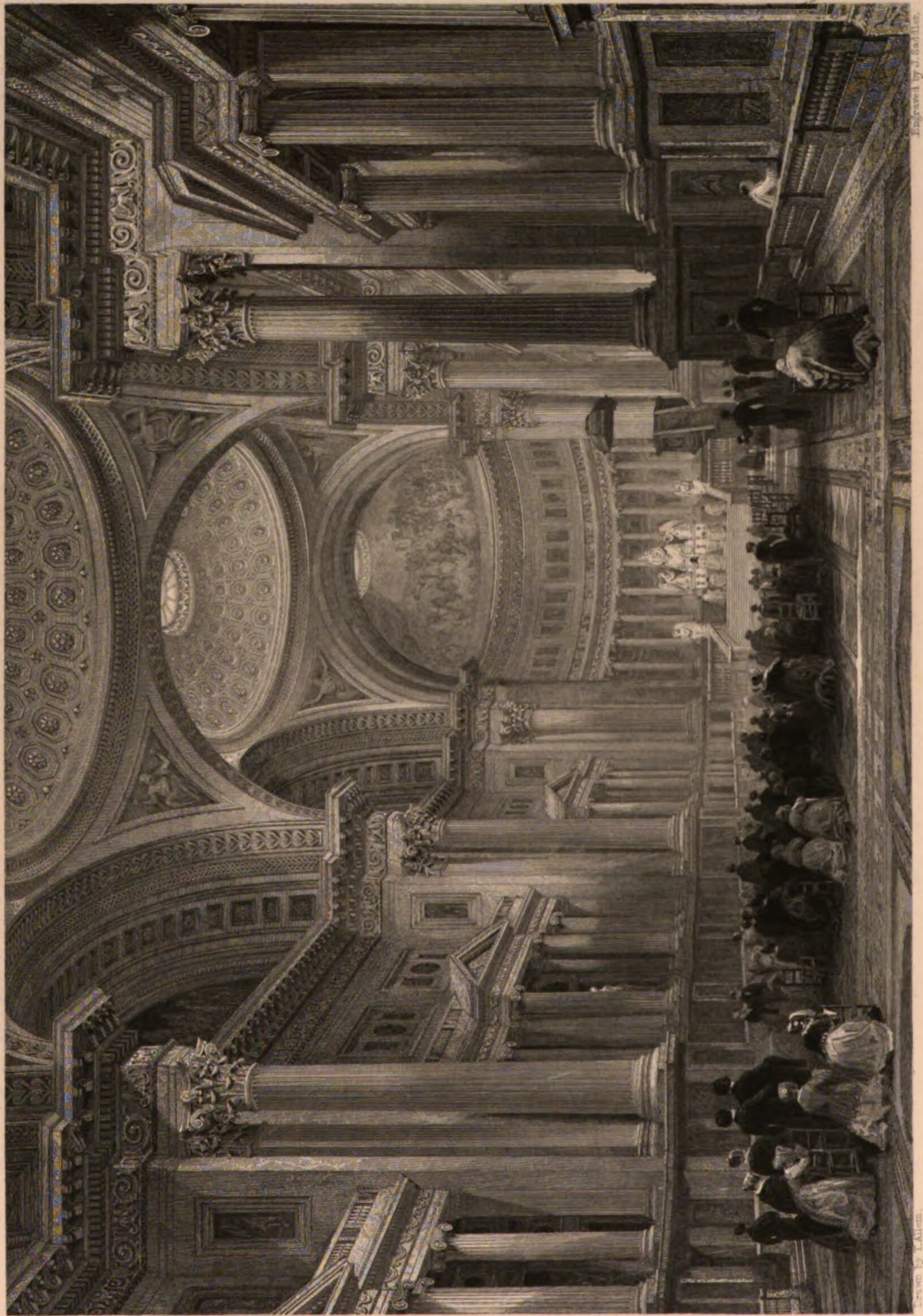
Of equal dimension with the Salon of Henry II., which is immediately over it, the hall of Louis Philippe presents a chaste and elegant architectural spectacle. On each side are ranged, in pairs, eight handsome marble columns; and at each end of the room, four. They are in the Doric order, each resting on a subplinth, and sustaining a soffit, adorned with the most classic and highly-finished designs. These decorations, the pedestals and coupled columns, were necessary for the secure support of the massive beams that compose the ceiling, and sustain the incumbent weight of

the inlaid flooring above it. The light is admitted through five large casements sunk in recesses, on the side next to the Cour Ovale; the intervals between the pairs of columns, on the opposite side, are filled with splendid mirrors of Venetian glass, multiplying the effect of the candelabras and magnificent lustres, that constitute some of the chief ornaments of the Salon.

Four doors, of equal dimensions, afford admission; of these the principal is opposite the chimney-piece, and leads directly from the Porte Dorée; the three others open on the corridors, and correspond, precisely, with so many of the glass doors, or windows, that communicate with the Cour Ovale. The decorations of these doorways resemble those bequeathed to the arts by the fifteenth century: they are covered with gilding, picked out with various-coloured grounds. The chimney-piece is of Egyptian marble, enriched with sculpture. In the panel or space above the chief entrance is a circular niche, in which it is intended, at some future period, to place the bust of Louis Philippe.

Jules Janin's apostrophe to the shades of Fontainebleau's founders will form a most appropriate conclusion to this brief description of Louis Philippe's Salon. "Francis I., and Napoleon Buonaparte—those are, in fact, the two masters of the palace of Fontainebleau, those are the two phantoms who return most frequently to these walls, to these galleries, to these silent chambers;—and then, how astonished must the king and the emperor be, to find all their work erect! For so long a time their palace had been in ruins! the walls sunk upon themselves; the painted ceilings were hanging in tatters; the arms of so many kings had been so often erased, restored, and again erased, upon the stone, that it was pierced through; the eagles had been so rudely hunted, so many fleurs-de-lis had been torn down, so many emblems had been broken, so many loving ciphers had been effaced, that among all the pitiless destruction, it was impossible to find anything perfect;—at most, there were walls without names, altars without incense, boudoirs without perfume, saloons without ornaments, empty frames, broken thrones, all kinds of royal things shamefully plundered, spoiled, tarnished, annihilated. The shades of the ancient masters of Fontainebleau walked sadly amongst those lamentable ruins, and the more years rolled upon years, the more ruins became heaped upon ruins. But, at the present day—thanks to the same thoughtful foresight which has raised the palace of Versailles!—in Fontainebleau, now repaired and sacred, everything is revived: the tottering foundations are again settled, the staircases, crushed by so many passing grandeurs, are re-established upon their bases, the statues lying upon the ground again ascend their pedestals, the portraits return into their frames, the old plaster of the saloon is driven away like dust, and behind the ignoble coat re-appear in their new brilliancy the chefs-d'œuvre of three centuries. It is done, the restoration of the monument is complete."*

* The American in Paris,—1844.



Interior of The Madeleine, Paris.

Das Innere der Magdalenen Kirche.

FISHER, SON & CO LONDON & PARIS.

Intérieur de la Madeleine, Paris.

INVASION OF THE MADELEINE.

They were not the only ones who
 were not the only ones who
 were not the only ones who
 were not the only ones who
 were not the only ones who

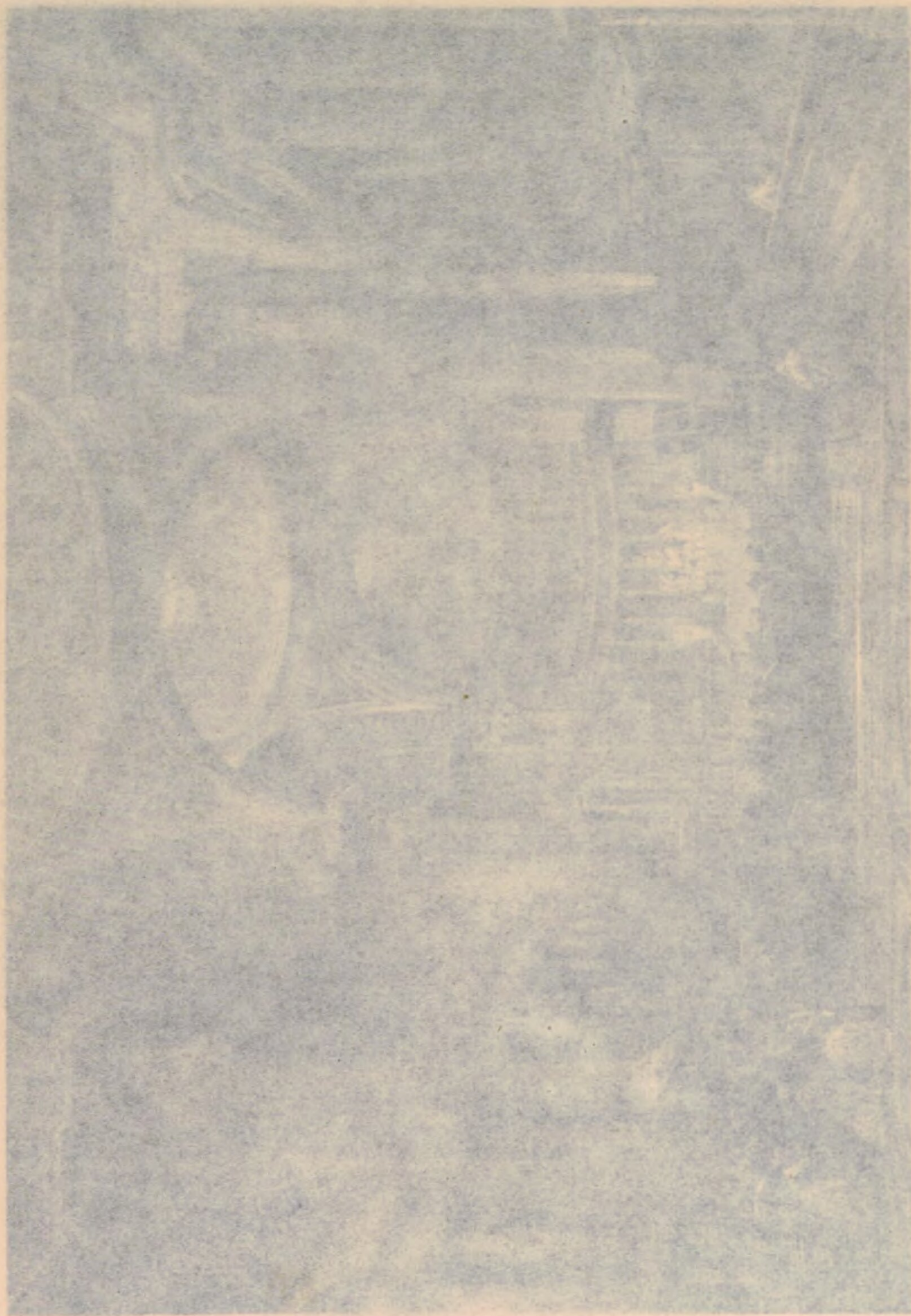
Brady.

SUPERSTITION, those mysterious motives, connective points in every part of the human mind, were never more powerfully exerted than in those where nature itself seems to have laid her hand. Attached to the government of the Madeleine, was the ancient chapel, where the remains of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were deposited; and this spot was not only the nearest parish burying-ground to the place of execution, but it was ever after designated. Most extraordinary, when of the most delicate and delicate sentiments, devoted also to the sacred name and person of an independent fortune, purchased the piece of ground where the royal bodies were first laid, under the pretext of converting it into an orchard, but with the real purpose of securing the grave from popular indignity. His cautious measures directed the revolutionary indignation so successfully, that the remains of the royal martyrs were preserved from insult; flowers grew over them without envy or solicitation, and the cypress mourned over them with all its constancy; and year after year, the leaves and the blossoms were gathered together, by the pious hand of the faithful Deschamps, and presented as an offering of duty to the Duchess D'Angoulême.

When the allied sovereigns restored the exiled Bourbons of the elder line to the throne of France, Louis XVIII. re-purchased the little area where his royal brother and his illustrious queen lay buried; and, causing their remains to be exhumed, conveyed them with much pomp to the crypt of St. Denis, the legitimate resting-place of their royal race. An vaporary chapel now marks the early grave of the unhappy pair; and the cypress that reigned over their narrow beds, now shelters the chapel that covers them.

Not content with completing these tributes to his brother's memory, Louis decided upon converting the Madeleine itself, a temple designed after the Roman manner, into a lasting memorial of the injuries inflicted on his family, and upon erecting within its walls statues of Louis XVI., his Queen, and Madame Elizabeth.

If we review the history of the Madeleine for some few years, its ultimate destination will be more distinctly understood. It was in the fifteenth Louis XVI. was the old parish church, in the Ville d'Evêque, being found unequal to the wants of the parish, a new building was commenced, on the Boulevard, immediately opposite



Portrait of the President, 1861

The House of Representatives, 1861

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

INTERIOR OF THE MADELEINE,

PARIS.

“Enter; its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
 And why? it is not lessen'd; but thy mind,
 Expanded by the genius of the spot,
 Has grown colossal, and can only find
 A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
 Thy hopes of immortality.”

BYRON.

SUPERSTITION, time, veneration arising from various motives, consecrate peculiar spots in every part of the globe—those that have been adorned by civilization, as well as those where nature continues to reign without invasion. Attached to the government of the Madeleine, was the ancient cimetière, where the headless bodies of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were deposited; and there they were interred, as being the nearest parochial burying-ground to the place of execution, or rather Revolution, which it was ever after designated. Mons. Descloseaux, a man of the most refined and delicate sentiments, devoted also to the royalist cause, and possessed of an independent fortune, purchased the precise spot where the royal bodies were first laid, under the pretext of converting it into an orchard, but with the real purpose of securing the grave from popular animosity. His cautious measures diverted the revolutionary indignation so successfully, that the remains of the royal martyrs were preserved from insult; flowers grew over them without envy or molestation, and the cypress mourned over them with all its constancy; and year after year, the leaves and the blossoms were gathered together, by the pious hand of the faithful Descloseaux, and presented as an offering of duty to the Duchess D'Angoulême.

When the allied sovereigns restored the exiled Bourbons of the elder line to the throne of France, Louis XVIII. re-purchased the little area where his royal brother and his illustrious queen lay buried; and, causing their remains to be exhumed, conveyed them with much pomp to the crypt of St. Denis, the legitimate resting-place of their royal race. An expiatory chapel now marks the early grave of the unhappy pair; and the cypress that mourned over their narrow beds, now shelters the chapel that covers them.

Not content with completing these tributes to his brother's memory, Louis decided upon converting the Madeleine itself, a temple designed after the Roman manner, into a lasting memorial of the injuries inflicted on his family, and upon erecting within its walls statues of Louis XVI., his Queen, and Madame Elizabeth.

If we retrace the history of the Madeleine for some few years, its ultimate destination will be more distinctly understood. It was in the fifteenth Louis's time, that the old parish church, in the Ville d'Evêque, being found unequal to the wants of the parish, a new building was commenced, on the Boulevard, immediately opposite

the Rue royale, from the design of Constant d'Ivry. The first stone was laid in April, 1764; and the works were superintended by Constant until the time of his death, 1777, when Coutine was appointed to succeed that eminent artist.

The Madeleine shared in the general abandonment of all peaceful projects, consequent upon the reign of terror and of revolution; and the work, for many years, remained suspended. The quick and rapid power of adaptation, which Napoleon so eminently possessed, soon pointed to a conspicuous public appropriation of the site which the new Madeleine presented; and, with his accustomed decision, he ordered the church of Constant d'Ivry to be removed, and a sumptuous Roman temple to rise in its room, which he resolved upon consecrating to National Glory.

Having procured a design from Vignon, an architect of the most accomplished taste, Napoleon commenced the present beautiful building in 1808; but fate resolved to sport with the fortunes of the imperial, as it had done with those of the regal race; and, on Napoleon's downfall, in 1813, the Madeleine was again destined to receive new monuments to the memory of Louis XVI. and his Queen, of Louis XVII. and Madame Elizabeth, and to be converted into a Christian sanctuary. For some time the works progressed with rapidity, when a momentary suspension occurred, on account of the assassination of the Duke of Berri, the demolition of the opera house, and the idea of appropriating the Madeleine to the purposes of a musical academy, or theatre for dramatic exhibitions of various descriptions. This desecration was happily averted, and the Madeleine is now a magnificent Christian temple, and the architectural pride of Paris. It is not irrelevant to the vicissitudes of the Madeleine, to record another catastrophe connected with its story, equally destructive of life, but less associated with the sinfulness and cruelty of man. It was in the same cemetery, the space surrounding the older church, that the remains of those unfortunate beings were interred, who were killed by the explosion of fire-works, in the Place de Louis Quinze, on the marriage of Louis XVI., then Dauphin of France; and there, twenty-three years after, the remains of those, for whose nuptials the rejoicings were instituted, were ignominiously consigned to the tomb; "O Fortune, Fortune! all men call thee fickle."

Formed like the basilicæ of old, the cella of the building is entered through two lofty doorways, one at either extremity, opening into vestibules, of which one is a baptistry, the other used for the celebration of marriages. Their rich bronze valves measure thirty-two feet in height by fifteen in width, and are divided into compartments filled with subjects selected from the Scriptures, all executed in a masterly and popular style.

The Roman manner pervades every part of the interior of this great temple, and the perfection illustrated in its execution affords the student of art, in Paris especially, the fairest and fullest opportunity of comparing the pointed with the Italian styles, in their adaptation to ecclesiastical works. One vast hall, extending from vestibule to vestibule, occupies the interior, the north end, or apsis, of which, where the high altar stands, being circular. A semi-dome admits a subdued light upon the altar and apsis, and three circular domes, ranging the length of the choir, being open in the centre,

constitute the chief means by which the interior is lighted. The conterminous springings, or pendentives, of the domes, rest upon a rich and deeply indented block-cornice, that lies on a sculptured frieze, carried round the entire building, sustained at the respective points of coincidence, by detached Corinthian columns, standing one diameter in advance of the walls. Three recesses are thus obtained in the side-walls, and in each of these is placed a minor altar, adorned with statuary and painting. Decorative architecture enriches the walls, and is furnished in every portion, without satiety. A low balustrade encloses a surbase eight feet in height, and extending round the whole of the choir, from which rises a series of Ionic colonnades, equal in number to the intervals of the Corinthian pillars. The central space in each respective compartment is adorned with a pediment overshadowing an altar, and sustained by columns detached and advancing. Above these Ionic colonnades is a gallery, interrupted only by the supports of the great arched cells, apparently gained from the massive thickness of the walls.

On either side a daïs is raised, between the advancing Corinthian columns, serving as an ascent to the minor altars; while the marble pavement of the central space continues the level of the vestibule from the porch, or pronaos, to the foot of the great altar. The circular apsis at the north end is surrounded by a regular Ionic colonnade, having an enriched entablature and frieze; and the pavement, of polished marble, is raised considerably above the level of the central space. From this elevated plateau a flight of steps ascends, on the summit of which is the high altar, decorated with a group consisting of the Virgin and Child, supported on either side by winged cherubim in supplicating postures.

The vaults and arches, and bands and cornices of the domes, and ceiling, and upper wall, are covered with stucco-work, in corresponding manner, and all either gilt, or picked out with brilliant colours. The frieze and capitals of the Corinthian columns are similarly decorated; and so perfect is the harmony of the whole, that the brilliancy of the colours, and sumptuousness of the gilding, do not attract a separate regard, but merge in the ideas at first produced, and not afterwards abandoned, of simplicity and noble grandeur.

But the painted cornice, and the gilded domes, are still outstripped in attraction and effect by the admirable frescoes, that fill the various panels beneath the archivolts, but especially by the design in the domical vault above the high altar, the work of Zeigler. The subject is an allegory, representing the chief incidents in the early history of the Christian religion. Mary Magdalene is represented prostrate at Our Saviour's feet, while the evangelists and apostles are looking on. To the right of the Redeemer are ranged, in chronological order, the most remarkable advocates, and authors, and ministers, of the Eastern church; on the left, those of the Western—the former include, besides the Apostles, the Emperor Constantine, St. Maurice, St. Lawrence, and St. Augustin: next—

You see in order, painted on the wall,
The wars that fame around the world had blown,
All to the life, and every leader known.

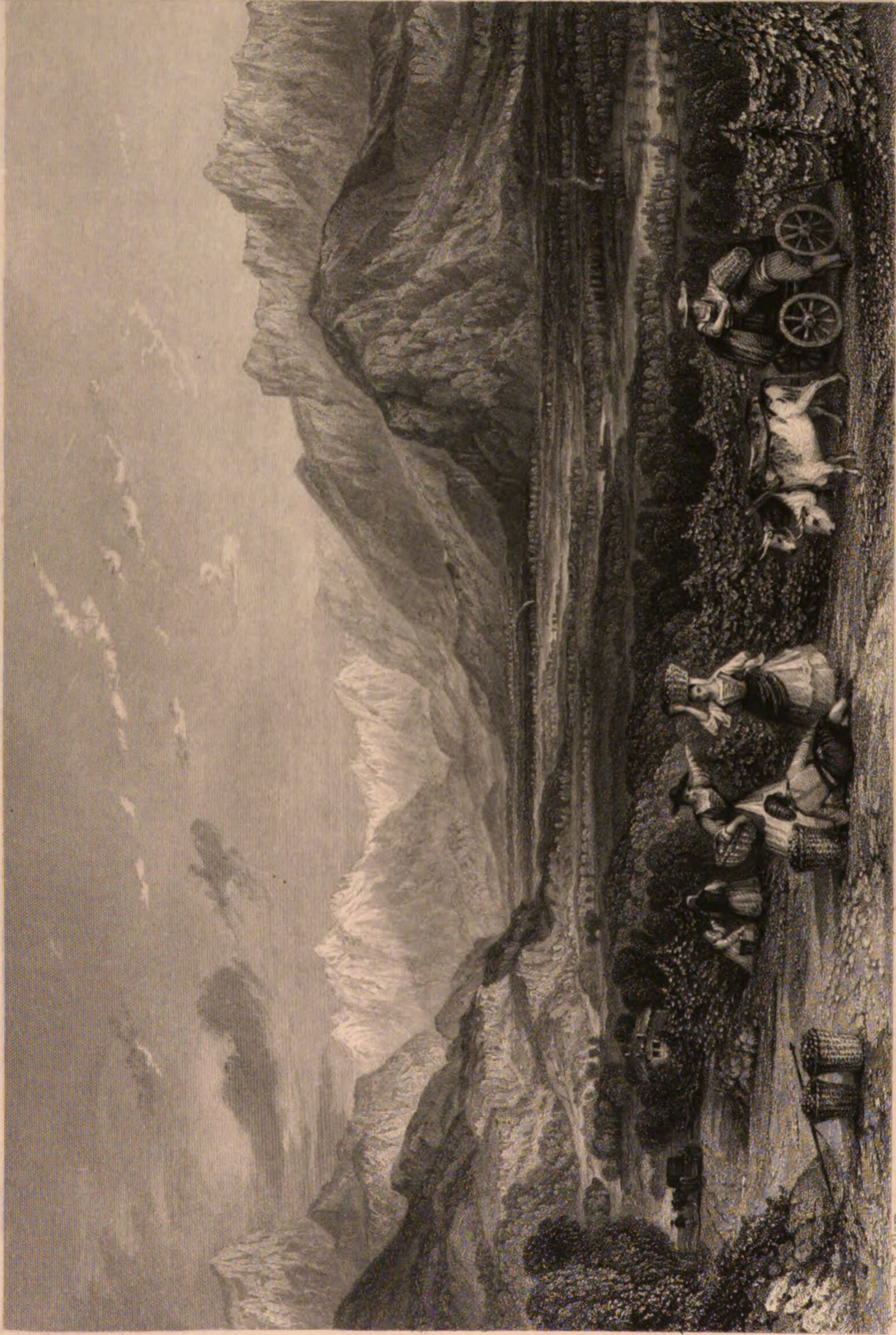
In this passage, representing the Crusades, there is a group, consisting of Popes Urban and Gregory, St. Bernard, and Peter the Hermit, robed in white, and supposed to be exhorting the true believers to set sail for the Holy Land. Not far from these, but lower in the picture, may be observed the devoted dukes, and counts, and barons of that day, ready to proceed to the rescue of the sepulchre from infidel power; while a poor and aged man consecrates his three sons to the cause, and is taking his last leave of them as they are departing. The events of the Holy War are continued across the picture, below the figures of Mary Magdalene and Our Saviour; and in this part are seen—Saint Louis, in the attitude of prayer; Godfrey of Bouillon, bearing the *ori-flamme*, the ancient standard of France; Cœur de Lion; Robert of Normandy; the blind Doge Dandolo, who, at the age of seventy, besieged and reduced Constantinople; and, beside the latter, appears Villeharduin, who wrote a spirited but partial history of the Crusades.

The progress and condition of the Greek church, from the date of its foundation to that of the execution of the painting, is represented by similar allegorical designs, and even recent events in its history are personified,—the most conspicuous characters in modern revolutions being introduced, as representatives of the most remarkable incidents.

The Western church has received an equal share of the artist's attention and graphic powers. Its history is illustrated by the Saints of Cologne; St. Symphoria, the first martyr of Gaul; St. Catherine; and the shade of Asuerus, the wandering Jew; Clovis receiving baptism; Clotilda engaged in prayer. A counterpart, to the group of which St. Louis is the principal figure, represents Charlemagne, attended by a secretary, bearing the capitularies; and the ambassador of Haroun-al-Raschid is presenting to him the keys of the Holy Sepulchre. In a lower range are Pope Alexander III., Frederic Barbarossa, and Otho of Bavaria. Another compartment is filled by a group, little connected either in time or circumstances. It includes Joan of Arc and her principal officers, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Dante, and other distinguished characters in the modern history of Europe. The events of the Gallic church are illustrated by the introduction of Louis XIII., Cardinal Richelieu, and Henri Quatre, and are closed with an interesting representation of Napoleon receiving the imperial diadem from the hands of Pope Pius VII.

From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a single step; and the genius that hazards the introduction of European kings, generals, and enthusiasts, especially of modern history, into designs intended to illustrate the simple character of our holy religion, perils both his reputation and his judgment. The author of this great conception is said to have escaped that danger, and achieved a glorious victory.

In the arched recesses, formed by the pendentives of the domes, scriptural subjects are introduced; all, however, recording, or expressing, some occurrence in the life of the Magdalene. In one compartment she appears in the desert, in another she is bringing spices to the tomb of the Saviour, in a third she is receiving instruction from her Lord; in one of the opposite, or eastern panels, she is represented washing the feet of



Valley of the Saïre, between Vobron & Vordappe.

Saïre-Thal zwischen Vobron und Vordappe.

Vallée de l'Saïre, entre Vobron et Vordappe.

FISHER, SON & CO LONDON & PARIS.

the Messiah; in a second, standing at the feet of the cross; and the last of these beautiful frescoes is styled the Death of the Magdalen. The pendentives of the domes are adorned with alto-reliefs of the Apostles, and the compartments of the vaulted ceiling of the vestibule are filled with allegorical figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity.

Description universally overpraises this sumptuous temple as overcharged with ornament, but the spectacle which it presents is the conclusion. The variously coloured marbles employed in the pavement, and in raising the walls, are disposed with a judgment acquired by long study of the most perfect Parisian architecture; and the introduction of gilding and colouring is so judiciously managed, as much jealousy, and attention to effect, that the eye is neither dazzled nor overstrained. The columns and colonnades, and niches and balustrades, display with elegance and correctness along the whole range of enclosing walls, spaces for sculpture, and give to each work of art all the advantage of an independent position. The paintings enjoy similar advantages, being completely detached from each other, and at a distance only; but by the intervention of vast friezes, cornices, and pedestals, they prevent the injurious consequences of juxta-position.

Many works of art, however, several in Paris, claim veneration from their antiquity, admiration for the genius they exhibit, the genius they record—none of modern erection equal to them in richness of effect, the new church of La Madeleine. "This edifice," writes a writer of taste, "constitutes one of the boasts of the capital; and, situated as it is, on the opposite side of the Boulevards, forcibly recalls the aspect of the Parthenon, or some of the antique temples of Sicily. The name of the church is a sad remembrance, in spite of all its changes of destination, connected with the memory of those who were consigned to an ignominious grave, in the bosom of its sacred sanctuary, amid the horrors of the reign of terror."

VALLEY OF THE ISÈRE,

BETWEEN VOIRON AND VOIREPPE.

Peek'd in by many a lofty hill,
The noble vale lay amply and still
And, down its verdant bosom led,
A winding river formed its bed."

Isère, the name of the Romans, is celebrated for the beauty of the scenery through which it winds, and in which it communicates its fair proportion. Rising in Mount Lemaire, and entering through in its very infancy, it proceeds with impetuosity past Grenoble, receiving in its passage the waters of the Drac. Its course, though serpentine, is remarkably rapid, and navigation is practicable not higher up than the town of Montmélian. From its steep descent and great fluctuations in the volume of water,

* Poem in 1842, by Mrs. Gore.



Copy of the letter addressed to the Hon. Secy of the Navy

from the Hon. Secy of the Navy

dated 10th March 1861

the Messiah; in a second, standing at the foot of the cross; and the last of these beautiful frescoes is styled the Death of the Magdalene. The pendentives of the domes are adorned with alto-relievos of the Apostles, and the compartments of the vaulted ceiling of the vestibule are filled with allegorical figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity.

Description universally represents this sumptuous temple as overcharged with ornament, but the spectacle itself contradicts the conclusion. The variously coloured marbles employed in the pavement, and in casing the walls, are disposed with a judgment acquired by lengthened experience in Parisian architecture; and the introduction of gilding and colouring is made with so much jealousy, and attention to effect, that the eye is neither dazzled nor overwhelmed. The columns and colonnades, and niches and balustrades, disposed with elegance and correctness along the whole range of enclosing walls, separate the statuary, and give to each work of art all the advantage of an independent position. The paintings enjoy similar advantages, being completely detached from each other, not by distance only, but by the intervention of vast friezes, cornices, and pendentives, that obviate the injurious consequences of juxta-position.

Many works of art in France, several in Paris, claim veneration from their antiquity, admiration for the graces they exhibit, the genius they record—none of modern erection exceed in classic elegance, or richness of effect, the new church of La Madeleine. "This edifice," writes a tourist of taste, "constitutes one of the boasts of the capital; and, viewed by moonlight, from the opposite side of the Boulevards, forcibly recalls the glories of the Pantheon, or some of the antique temples of Sicily. The name of the church of La Madeleine still, however, in spite of all its changes of destination, connects itself painfully with the memory of those who were consigned to an ignominious grave, in the precincts of its ancient cemetery, amid the horrors of the reign of terror."*

VALLEY OF THE ISÈRE,

BETWEEN VOIRON AND VOIREPPE.

"Paled in by many a lofty hill,
The noble vale lay smooth and still
And, down its verdant bosom led,
A winding river formed its bed."

ISÈRE, the *Isara* of the Romans, is celebrated for the beauty of the scenery through which it winds, and to which it communicates its fair proportion. Rising in Mount Iseran, and collecting strength in its very infancy, it proceeds with impetuosity past Grenoble, receiving in its passage the waters of the Drac. Its course, though serpentine, is remarkably rapid, and navigation is practicable not higher up than the town of Montmeliart. From its steep descent and great fluctuations in the volume of water,

* Paris in 1842, by Mrs. Gore.

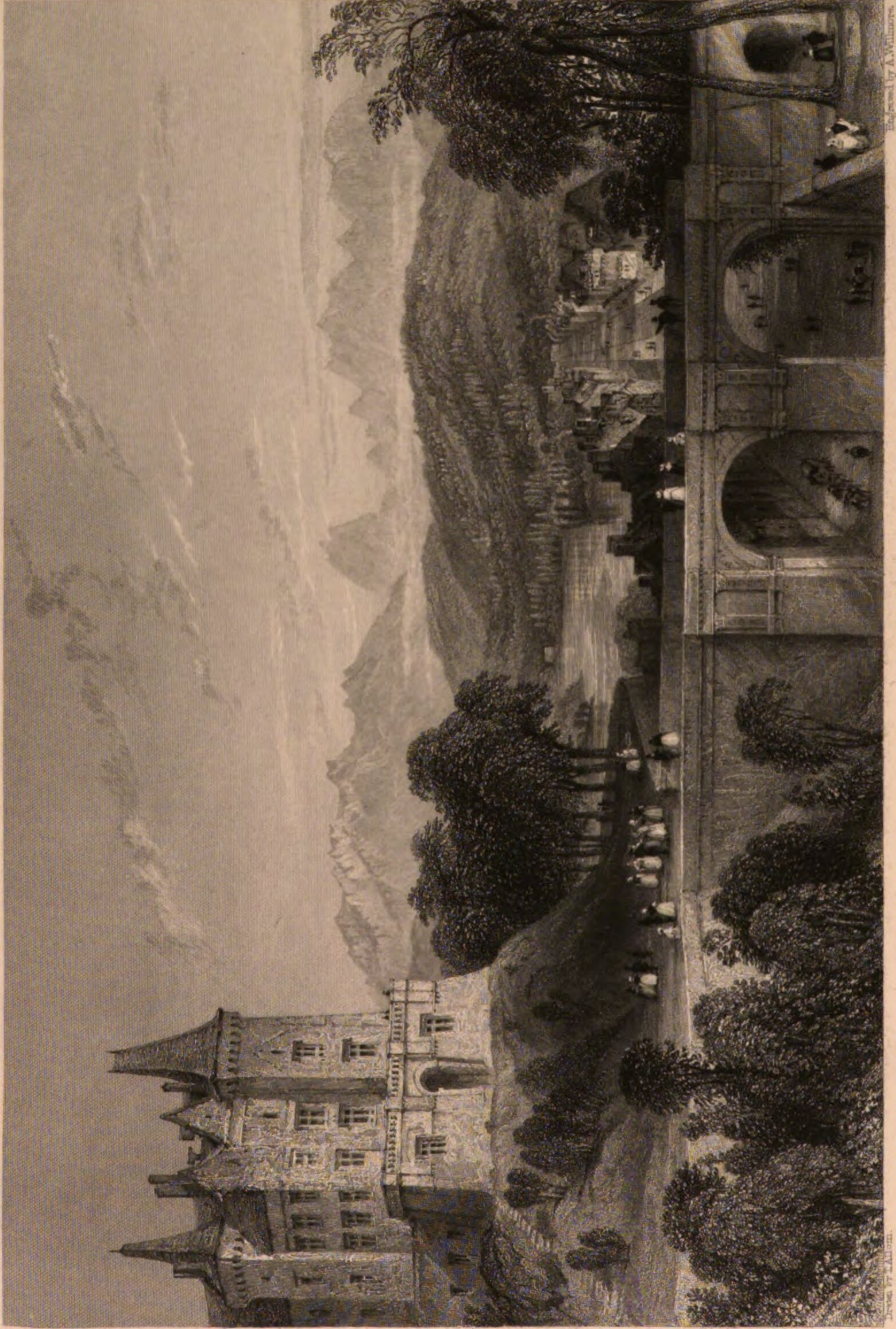
its banks are frequently inundated, and ferries established along its course are not passed during such sudden floods without difficulty, and even danger. The afflux of the Isère and Rhone is crossed by a species of flying bridge, secured by a strong chain passing over a standard on either bank, to which the side of the barge, or bridge, is connected with a running loop. A rope attached to the loop, and passed round an axle on shore, is gradually coiled by the ferryman until the bank is reached.

In the lower valley of the Isère several wire bridges span the waters, and several picturesque villages are seated in their vicinity, or as near to the banks as danger of inundation renders prudent. It was out of a window in the castle of Mazard, that the infant Prince of Dauphiné leaped from his nurse's arms into the Isère, and was drowned: and it was at Romans, not far distant, that his father, overwhelmed with grief, assigned his dominions, for ever, to future heirs-male of the throne of France. Higher up the great vale, the view expands, the windings of the river become more conspicuous, the Alps rise majestically over the almost afforested plain that sleeps at their feet; and the Grande Chartreuse, which advances its massive and broken forms, is still surmounted by the grand Som. Here, perhaps the charms of the landscape have reached their climax. The mountains here are most bold, the scenery of the valley most pleasing; the crops are varied, the trees dense, and of luxuriant foliage, and fertility seems to characterize the whole. Many old proverbs are preserved amongst the natives of Dauphiné, recording the early acknowledged productiveness of the district.

On the right bank of the river is the road leading to the Grande Chartreuse; it is continued for some miles along the base of the mountain, and, as it gradually ascends, the panorama of the Gresivaudan vale is thrown open to the spectator. The left bank is not less memorable for its records of history and antiquity: there stands the Château Bayard, the birthplace of the chevalier "sans peur et sans reproche;" and there also is the Fort Barraux, built by the Duke of Savoy for his enemies. While Lesdiguières was looking on, the duke began and completed the fortress—an inactivity that called forth the reproof of his royal master, Henri Quatre. "Sire," replied the brave soldier, "you have need of a fortress on that side of the river; and so soon as it shall be properly furnished with cannon and provisions, I promise to take it for ye." He fulfilled his promise.

Wherever the luxuriant vines, that clothe the sloping sides of the valley, or the countless mulberry trees that cover the plain, cease to attract and gratify the sight, memory contributes fresh interest to the scene, as each short mile is counted over. It was, perhaps, near Roquemaure, that Hannibal, ascending the valley of the Isère, at length reached the foot of the towering Alps, which his military genius enabled him to pass over; and, if tradition be admitted in evidence of an historic doubt, the inhabitants of the valley deserve to be heard.

The cause, although it cannot be involved in any particular mystery, is not anywhere assigned, of the dark colour which characterizes the waters of the Isère. This peculiarity is most remarkable at its afflux with the stream of the Rhone, which latter is always white and muddy.



Engraved by A. Williams.

Drawn by A. Wilson.

Castle of Pau, the birth-place of Henri D'Artois.

Château de Pau, lieu de naissance de Henri IV.

Schloss Pau, Geburtsort Heinrichs IV.

FILIPPE, SON & CO LONDON & PARIS.

THIS favourite resort, which has been the subject of poetry and of the pen of history, and which, in consequence of its being extended, is now the most important of the Pyrenean region, records interesting events, and has been the scene of many battles. It is found here either a forest of oaks, the most numerous of its kind in the south; or a park of chestnuts, which are not so common in the south; and the vicinity of the river, which is called many miles north of the native population, whose climate, however, could not be so much as a great northern latitude.

Pau is now a town of 15,000 inhabitants. It contains many handsome and substantial dwellings, is plentifully supplied with the delicacies as well as the necessaries of life, and, while the climate of Pau is continued to Europe, it must necessarily progress in population and general prosperity.

Seated on the right bank of the river, the view from the Castle Terrace includes the whole of that grand promenade, on which the traveller loves to dwell in memory, when the reality shall be wanting. In the foreground is a viaduct of two arches, connecting the terrace with the Parc, part of the ancient royal domains. "It consists of a range of high ground, running from east to west, parallel with the banks of the Gave; thickly covered with forest trees, chiefly beech, and laid out in walks of every variety, some straight, others serpentine; some leading along the highest grounds, and commanding the most extensive view, while others wind along the foot of the eminence, beneath the shadow of the loftier trees; and others, still narrower and more intricate, are nearly lost amongst the thick foliage and close underwood—as if to suit the different tastes and dispositions of the many strangers from distant lands, who must here to enjoy the luxury of this delicious climate." Below this pleasant promenade runs the broad, shallow Gave, with a perpetual low murmur, that lulls the senses to repose. It is, in fact, the only sound that is heard, for there is so little wind in this climate that not a leaf is seen to move, and the ear therefore distinguishes at a greater distance the toll of the matin and the vesper bell in the neighbouring villages, and the tinkling sounds which tell when the flocks are led to and from the

C A S T L E . O F P A U ,

(THE BIRTHPLACE OF HENRI QUATRE.)

"The chief renown'd, who ruled in France, I sing,
By right of conquest, and of birth, a king.
In various sufferings resolute and brave,
Faction he quell'd—he conquer'd, and forgave."

HENRIADE.

THIS favourite retreat of voluntary English exiles was once the capital of Bearn, and of the petty kingdom of Navarre, but, decreasing in importance as the empire extended, is now but the chief town of the Lower Pyrenees. Exclusive of the ancient records interwoven in its history, the eminent political and religious personages, who have found here either a home or a refuge, the natural beauties of its situation are hardly equalled by those of any other remarkable place in the picturesque provinces of the south; and the salubrity of the climate has added many wealthy residents to the native population, whose delicate constitutions could but feebly sustain a more northern latitude.

Pau is now a town of 14,000 inhabitants; it contains many handsome and substantial dwellings, its markets are abundantly supplied with the delicacies as well as the necessaries of life, and, while the blessings of peace are continued to Europe, it must necessarily progress in population and general prosperity.

Seated on the right bank of the river Gave, the view from the Castle Terrace includes the whole of that grand panorama, on which the traveller loves to dwell in memory, when the reality shall be wanting. In the foreground is a viaduct of two arches, connecting the terrace with the *Parc*, part of the ancient royal domains. "It consists of a range of high ground, running from east to west, parallel with the banks of the Gave; thickly covered with forest trees, chiefly beech, and laid out in walks of every variety, some straight, others serpentine; some leading along the highest grounds, and commanding the most extensive view, while others wind along the foot of the eminence, beneath the shadow of the loftier trees; and others, still narrower and more intricate, are nearly lost amongst the thick foliage and close underwood—as if to suit the different tastes and dispositions of the many strangers from distant lands, who meet here to enjoy the luxury of this delicious climate." Below this pleasant promenade "runs the broad, shallow Gave, with a perpetual low murmur, that lulls the senses to repose. It is, in fact, the only sound that is heard, for there is so little wind in this climate, that not a leaf is seen to move, and the ear therefore distinguishes at a greater distance the toll of the matin and the vesper bell in the neighbouring villages, and the tinkling sounds which tell when the flocks are led to and from the

fields. There appears at first a mystery in this universal stillness. It seems like a pause in the breath of nature, a suspension of the general throb of life, and there is a feeling as if it must soon be followed by that shout of joy which the language of poetry has so often described, as the grateful response of nature for the blessings of light and life." *

The middle distance is occupied by low-lying hills, cultivated and wooded, and clothed with vines, and dotted with villages; the farthest is dignified by the majestic masses of the Pyrenees, that rise in shattered pinnacles to a height of nearly twelve thousand feet above the ocean-level. The most beautiful and remarkable of all these glorious national objects is the Pic du Midi de Bigorre: standing in advance of the gigantic family, it rises immediately from the plain, and produces the idea of greater loftiness than it attains. The precipice on the northern side is so steep, that snow never rests there, yet, near its base, long tracts of silvery snow lie sleeping, which catch the sun-light, and seem to melt into all possible tints of aerial beauty.

But the castle of King Henri would be forgotten, if complete justice were rendered to the valley of the Gave, and stern history would censure the illustrator who described the position of Larissa while he omitted all notice of Achilles.

It was on the 13th of January, 1553, and in the time-honoured castle of Pau, that Henri the Bourbon first drew his infant breath. The more ancient parts of the building were raised in 1375, at the expense of Gaston, Comte de Foix, who furnished the bricks from his own kilns, as a document, still in existence, distinctly expresses. Besides Gaston's tower there are four others, distinguished by different epithets, such as, "*de la Monnoye*," and "*de Montauzet*;" in the former, it is said, Calvin found a retreat from persecution, by the favour of Margaret of Valois; and in the latter, state prisoners were condemned to imprisonment for life. This dark donjon sustained some injury from cannon-shot in the year 1569, when the Bearnese revolted; and the revolutionists of 1793 directed their rage most especially against this monument of despotic power. The grand staircase is a meritorious and interesting work; it was constructed during the reign of Henri II. of Navarre and his queen Margaret, the grand-parents of Henri of Bourbon, and their ciphers are introduced in the panels of the ceiling. In the second story, and in an apartment adjoining the *Tour de Mazares*, king Henri is said to have been born, and his cradle is shown in an adjoining chamber. In 1793 this royal cradle had been marked for destruction, but the good sense and excellent taste of several gentlemen of the vicinity saved it from the rude hand of revolution. Being formed from a large tortoise-shell, it was too conspicuous an object to escape discovery and consequent demolition; its protectors, therefore, calling to mind the stratagem by which the sacred Ancile was preserved, found another tortoise-shell, of nearly equal dimensions, which they surrendered to the republicans with apparent reluctance.

In the second *renaissance*, the reign of Louis Philippe, the castle of Pau has been rescued from ruin, and restored to its ancient dignity. Not only has the architecture been renewed, but furniture of a corresponding date has been collected, at a vast

* Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees, by Mrs. Ellis.

expense, and placed in suitable apartments. The original bed of Henri Quatre has been found, and restored to its chamber; it is curiously carved, and adorned with medallion-heads of the kings of France. In another room is the state-bed of Jeanne D'Albrèt, together with a grand chair bearing her arms. These relics were recovered in England, and Marshal Soult, becoming their purchaser, presented them to Louis Philippe. Another king, Bernadotte of Sweden, who was also a native of Pau, has contributed liberally to the riches of this interesting old château; his presents include porphyry vases, and chimney-pieces of beautiful serpentine, found in his acquired kingdom.

It is a fact more interesting than instructive, that, of the two monarchs whom Pau counts amongst her children, the one abandoned the Protestant, the other the Roman Catholic creed, to secure a crown.

With respect to Margaret of Valois, such were the graces of her life, "that they hallow the remembrance of scenes with which she was so intimately associated. It is not the least touching feature, amongst the many beauties with which her character is adorned, that she possessed so strong a hold upon the heart of her brother, the king of France, who, in the playfulness of his affection, used to call her his "Marguerite of Marguerites."

And well did she repay this tenderness, by her heroic flight to the court of Madrid, when he was a prisoner there after the battle of Pavia; by her patient watch at the side of his sick-bed, when she read the Scriptures to him until his heart was almost convinced; and by her earnest intercession for him with the cold-hearted monarch, whose captive he then was, and with whom she pleaded so fearlessly, that she was obliged to fly for her life from his kingdom, accomplishing the journey from Madrid to the frontiers with a speed almost incredible for a delicate female."

Nor were the accomplishments of her mind and manners much inferior to the high qualities of her heart. Adorned with the title of "the fourth Grace and the tenth Muse," she presided over her little court at Angoulême, where our unfortunate Anne Boleyn bloomed amongst her maids of honour; and, while residing in the Château of Pau, her love of literature, and patronage of the fine arts, drew around her the society of men of letters, as well as of distinguished artists, both from her own and other lands. A deep bond of sympathy, however, appears to have existed between Marguerite of Valois and some of the most eminent of the early Reformers, amongst whom may be added, to the name of Calvin, those of Erasmus, Roussel, Lefevre d'Etaples, Marot, Caroli, and Dolet."*

* Vide Letters, &c.

VALLEY AND CASTLE OF D'Oo,

PYRENEES.

— The silence of that ancient place
 Sunk on his heart, and he paused a space
 Ere yet his horn he blew.
 But, instant at its larum rung,
 The castle-gate was open flung.

SCOTT.

HERE the French Pyrenees present scenes unsurpassed by any into which the mountain groups of Europe combine elsewhere. A succession of deep glens is seen in making a tour to Lake Seculejo, enriched by every variety in beauty and sublimity, with which nature characterizes such solemn landscapes. The valleys of Lasto, L'Arboust, and D'Oo, are amongst the most picturesque and accessible in this vicinity; and, although a similarity of character prevails in all, from the geological structure of the district—the mountains being slate rock, the slopes and vales the same original material, but so disintegrated as to form a fertile soil,—yet the glories of the Val D'Oo must be acknowledged as superior to those of its neighbours and rivals.

Entering the valley from the Val de Lasto, the grand panorama bursts at once upon the sight, creating an impression that can scarcely ever after be effaced from the memory. Immediately below the point of entrance lies the village of D'Oo, and on an elevated mound adjacent stands the venerable donjon of its baronial castle. There it may be supposed once dwelt, the “lord of all he surveyed” from its battlements, which successfully resisted his enemies, and securely immured his captives and his spoils. Each valley had its castle, and its baron, and its legends; and there is a tale oft told of this at D'Oo, differing in but few respects from that of the princess that slept for a century of years, and was only awoke at length by her destined lord.

There are proofs of very early cultivation, both in the lowlands, that are traversed by the winding river, and on the banks that steeply slope from the rude rock to the river. And the verdure that industry has established maintains an everlasting, and a beautiful rivalry, with the snow-white summits of the pinnacles that tower above it. By passing the castle, and crossing the stream, a narrow road is reached, that leads along many a dangerous steep, and terminates at the celebrated Lac D'Oo, or Seculejo. The early part of this path is less laborious, and less perilous also, but the more advanced and elevated reaches are little else than shelves hewn in the mountain-side, sufficiently solid yet abundantly insecure. For awhile the shelter of a pine-wood intervenes to refresh the traveller, who, however, is destined to encounter labours still more trying, and risks yet more hazardous. Emerging from the forest, the rocky road again traverses the slate rock, from which in summer an overpowering heat is reflected, until at length the cliff





Drawn by F. Allom.

Engraved by S. Bradlow.

Castle & Valley d' Co. - Pyrenees.

Chateau et vallée d' Co. Pyrénées.

Soldiers und Thier von Co. Pyrenées.

FISHER, SON & CO LONDON & PARIS.



Drawn by T. Allom.

Engraved by T. Agnew & Sons.

Grand Staircase, Palace of the Louvre, Paris.

Grand escalier du Louvre à Paris

Große Treppe des Louvre-Palastes, Paris.

that closes the valley of the Rhine, and now lies on the western shore of the lake of D'Or.

Lake the center of another, the hollow with unusual perspective and dark, and their feet. In the whiteness, and the character of the scene.

Beyond Lake the character as a higher, not uncommon, rarely more rapid, ing season.

CHAPTER XXV

THE GREATEST OF ALL THE ARCHITECTURAL WONDERS OF PARIS IS STILL THE MOST UNFINISHED; THE FAVOURITE HAUNT OF THE MOST POLISHED CITIZENS AND ACCOMPLISHED VISITORS IS LITTLE MORE THAN A MODERN RUIN; THE PALACE CHOSEN BY NAPOLEON FOR THE CELEBRATION OF HIS NUPTIALS WITH A ROYAL PRINCESS, REPRESENTS, BY ITS INTERRUPTED WORKS, THE INCOMPLETENESS OF HIS OWN ILLUSTRIOUS COURSE. IT IS REMARKABLE, THAT IN ALL THE VICISSITUDES WHICH PARIS HAS SHARED SINCE THE FIRST FLAMES OF REVOLUTION WERE KINDLED, NO INSULT HAS BEEN OFFERED, NO INJURY INFLICTED, ON THE SLOW-GROWING GREATNESS OF THE LOUVRE. AN "AMERICAN IN PARIS" GIVES THE FOLLOWING SOLUTION OF THIS HAPPY ACCIDENT—"AFTER THE RUINS WHICH THEY HAVE MADE, WHAT THE FRENCH PEOPLE RESPECT MOST IS THE MONUMENTS WHICH THEY HAVE NOT YET FINISHED; THE THINGS WHICH HAVE NOT YET LIVED. YOU WILL NEVER SEE THEM ON DAYS OF TUMULT ATTACKING EDIFICES WHICH ARE JUST BEGUN. NO, BUT TO MAKE AMENDS FOR THIS, THE OLDER THE EDIFICE THE MORE FURIOUSLY WILL IT BE ATTACKED. I IMAGINE THAT IT IS BECAUSE IT HAS NEVER BEEN FINISHED, THAT THE LOUVRE HAS NEVER BEEN MUTILATED, IN ALL THE REVER- SIONS THAT HAVE INVADDED IT, AT SO MANY DIFFERENT TIMES. THE MAN LADEN WITH YEARS IS CRUSHED—THE CHILD WHO HAS YET TO GROW IS SPARED. A GREAT AND FIRM

THE greatest of all the architectural wonders of Paris is still the most unfinished; the favourite haunt of the most polished citizens and accomplished visitors is little more than a modern ruin; the palace chosen by Napoleon for the celebration of his nuptials with a royal princess, represents, by its interrupted works, the incompleteness of his own illustrious course. It is remarkable, that in all the vicissitudes which Paris has shared since the first flames of revolution were kindled, no insult has been offered, no injury inflicted, on the slow-growing greatness of the Louvre. An "American in Paris" gives the following solution of this happy accident—"After the ruins which they have made, what the French people respect most is the monuments which they have not yet finished; the things which have not yet lived. You will never see them on days of tumult attacking edifices which are just begun. No, but to make amends for this, the older the edifice the more furiously will it be attacked. I imagine that it is because it has never been finished, that the Louvre has never been mutilated, in all the revolutions that have invaded it, at so many different times. The man laden with years is crushed—the child who has yet to grow is spared. A great and firm



From the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis

Engraved by J. G. Smith

From the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis

that closes the vale of D'Oo, and unites the opposing mountains, is attained. The road now lies on the summit of this great screen, and, having accomplished this great feat, the traveller is in an instant after rewarded by the sublime picture of the gloomy lake of D'Oo.

Like the crater of an extinct volcano, where one primitive element has succeeded to another, the hollow basin is encircled by precipices, that start up from the watery surface with unusual perpendicularity. Their brows are torn, and defaced, and weather-worn, and dark, and their sad likenesses seem fixedly recorded in the smooth black mirror at their feet. In front, a thread of foam trickles down the precipice, but its sparkling whiteness, and the regular sound of its fall, only mark more strongly the stern character of the scene, and the eternal reign of silence over it.

Beyond Lake D'Oo, there is a repetition of similar scenery, less sublime in character as a higher elevation is obtained; around some of the higher lakes vegetation is not uncommon, for the strata of the slate rock being vertical, disintegration is necessarily more rapid, and new soil is produced, by the operations of nature, in every succeeding season.

GRAND STAIRCASE OF THE LOUVRE,

PARIS.

"Tis love of grace which maketh man
Build palaces august and fair,
Vast halls of just proportion plan,
And bring all lines of beauty there."

THE greatest of all the architectural wonders of Paris is still the most unfinished; the favourite haunt of the most polished citoyens and accomplished visitors is little more than a modern ruin; the palace chosen by Napoleon for the celebration of his nuptials with a royal princess, represents, by its interrupted works, the incompleteness of his own illustrious course. It is remarkable, that in all the vicissitudes which Paris has shared since the first flames of revolution were kindled, no insult has been offered, no injury inflicted, on the slow-growing greatness of the Louvre. An "American in Paris" gives the following solution of this happy accident—"After the ruins which they have made, what the French people respect most is the monuments which they have not yet finished; the things which have not yet lived. You will never see them on days of tumult attacking edifices which are just begun. No, but to make amends for this, the older the edifice the more furiously will it be attacked. I imagine that it is because it has never been finished, that the Louvre has never been mutilated, in all the insurrections that have invaded it, at so many different times. The man laden with years is crushed—the child who has yet to grow is spared. A great and fatal ruin this

Louvre, which ought to be the glory of this vast city: the Louvre, at which have laboured so many great kings, and so many excellent artists—the Louvre, which is the centre of Paris and of the world, the spot of shelter and of authority for the fine arts, the national wonder,—is, at this moment, more dilapidated than the last hotel of the under-prefect in a city of fifteen hundred souls.

“In this palace, which you would take at a distance for the palace of the princess that slept a hundred years—

‘ And whose grey walls no banner crown’d,
Upon the watch-tower’s airy round
No warder stood his horn to sound,’—

indigence and luxury wage frightful battles night and day. The most beautiful columns, the heads of which are crowned with the ancient acanthus and ivy, have their bases covered with ignoble plaster; the most magnificent stones are set in worm-eaten wood. All around this royal ruin, even opposite the Museum, theft and every kind of vice shelter themselves beneath its imposing shadow. An incredible, dreadful mixture of the most opposite elements, the base and the sublime. Perrault the architect, and the wine-seller at the corner; Catherine de Medicis, and Margot; the king, and the rag-picker; Jean Gonjon, and Jean Jean—shamefully placed together against these walls. And when we remember that even the Emperor Napoleon, who had so many armies at his service, and so many millions in the cellars of the Tuileries, was not able to cleanse these Augean stables, we begin to think that it must be impossible.

“But why is it impossible? The site is your’s—the idea is drawn out—the monument is two-thirds finished—you have all the French artists at command—he who shall complete this immense chef-d’œuvre, will acquire a glory not less great than that of him who commenced it. For what are you waiting, then? But, say they, when finished, how will you fill so vast a space? As if they had not the books of the royal library to lodge, the exhibitions of industry, the modern productions of the fine arts, all kinds of knowledge, all descriptions of master-pieces, to shelter! But we travellers must not be so exacting. We will not ask so much for the present hour; we will leave to future centuries the care of completing these royal dwellings. We are not ambitious; we would give all the share of joy and pleasure that would accrue to us from the finishing of the Louvre, for four squares of turf and a fountain, in this court, where the most wretched herbs heave up the most hideous pavement.”

The door of entrance, open to the public on all save Sundays, is a low, narrow, mean object, violently contrasted with the height and magnitude of the structure itself. On Sundays, and on remarkable anniversaries, the grand entrance in the southern wing of the western front is opened, and strangers and students then admitted indiscriminately. Those who feel a higher gratification in the study of architecture, than of painting or sculpture, although their separated consideration is not unattended with a degree of inconsistency, will not hesitate to prefer this scene of the building itself to the works of art which are treasured within it. The style and character of the Vatican are recognized in the great gallery of the Louvre; but the noble scala in that



The Guide of Gavarnie, Pyrenees.

Lesde ou crue de Gavarnie, Pyrenees.

Kris oder Kegel von Gavarnie, Pyrenees.

wondrous palace and museum of art is a truly sublime to the chaste, classical, and magnificent flight called the Grand Escalier of the Louvre.

Fontaine alone enjoys the honor of this beautiful design, a work unequalled by any similar construction in France. The water ascends with gentle heights between two marble walls, terminated at each extremity by light lofty arches, springing from coupled pillars, advancing in front of corresponding pilasters. The repetition of the same idea so rapidly and frequently, produces the effect of sumptuousness and familiarity, well suited to domestic architecture of the highest character; and the feelings that accompany a promenade amidst these arches and columns, are, at the same time elevated and cheerful. The Doric order is used, modified to modern manners; and the arches, and ceilings, and panels, are everywhere filled with beautiful and appropriate subjects in basso-relievo. Twenty colossal pillars constitute the chief ornament of the staircase and plateau; of these the shafts are of Flemish marble, and the capitals of the same material, but of the most superb substance.

Beneath a well-proportioned arch, surmounted by a balustrade of marble, and in front of the first staircase, two flights of equal breadth ascend, one in the direction of the apartment which opens on the court-yard, the other to the long gallery of paintings. The ceilings of these passages of light, are decorated with designs indicative of the appropriation of the buildings. Minerva protecting the Arts is represented in the design of Meville, and the Resurrection, or Revival of the Arts, by Pape, fill the compartments of the eastern division. On the common pedestals of the coupled pillars, and corresponding pilasters, are placed noble porphyry vases, that contribute materially to furnish the arts without interfering in any extent with its grand simplicity.

THE CIRCLE OF GAVARNIE.

FRANÇOIS.

"Horrors like these at first alarm,
But soon with savage grandeur charm,
And raise to noblest thoughts the mind."

The village of Gavarnie is less celebrated for its extent, or its riches, or its church, in which bones of murdered Templars are preserved, than for its proximity to the sublime "Cirque," with its sixteen cataracts. "In clear weather a great part of the amphitheatre of Gavarnie is distinctly seen from Gèdre; but we went on, and on the mist thickening round us as we attained a greater elevation, and nothing was to be seen in the distance but shadowy forms of mountains, and sheets of snow, gleaming white through the floating clouds.



The Book of Jeremiah, Chapter

Jeremiah, Chapter 1, Verse 1

Jeremiah, Chapter 1, Verse 1

Jeremiah, Chapter 1, Verse 1

wondrous palace and museum of art is wholly inferior to the chaste, classical, and magnificent flight called the Grand Staircase of the Louvre.

Fontaine alone enjoys the honour of this beautiful design, a work unequalled by any similar construction in France. The stairs ascend with gentle heights between two marble walls, terminated at each summit by light lofty arches, springing from coupled pillars, advancing in front of corresponding pilasters. The repetition of the same idea so rapidly and frequently, produces the effect of sumptuousness and familiarity, well suited to domestic architecture of the highest character; and the feelings that accompany a promenade amidst these arches, and columns, are at the same time elevated and cheerful. The Doric order prevails, moulded to modern manners; and the arches, and ceilings, and panels, are painted, or filled, with beautiful and appropriate subjects in basso-relievo. Twenty exquisite pillars constitute the chief ornament of the staircase and plateau; of these the shafts are of Flemish marble, and the capitals of the same material, but of the most snowy whiteness.

Beneath a well-proportioned arch, surmounted by a balustrade of marble, and in front of the first landing-place, two flights of equal breadth ascend, one in the direction of the apartments that surround the court-yard, the other to the long gallery of paintings. The ceilings of each division, or flight, are decorated with designs indicative of the appropriation of the building—Minerva protecting the Arts is represented in the design of Meynier; and the *Renaissance*, or Revival of the Arts, by Pujol, fills the compartments of the eastern division. On the common pedestals of the coupled pillars, and corresponding pilasters, are placed noble porphyry vases, that contribute materially to furnish the area, without interfering to any extent with its grand simplicity.

THE CIRCLE OF GAVARNIE,

PYRENEES.

“Horrors like these at first alarm,
But soon with savage grandeur charm,
And raise to noblest thoughts the mind.”

THE village of Gavarnie is less celebrated for its extent, or its riches, or its church, in which twelve heads of murdered Templars are preserved, than for its proximity to the sublime “Circle,” with its sixteen cataracts. “In clear weather a great part of the amphitheatre of Gavarnie is distinctly seen from Gèdre; but we went on, and on, the mists thickening round us as we attained a greater elevation, and nothing was to be seen in the distance but shadowy forms of mountains, and sheets of snow, gleaming white through the floating clouds.

"On arriving at the Cirque, our guide exhibited every sign of surprise and disappointment, to find that we were still enveloped in a cloud of mist, through which we could but dimly discern the great waterfall, and saw nothing of the high towers, two extraordinary rocks rising from a wall of marble, which crown the summit of the central part of the amphitheatre.

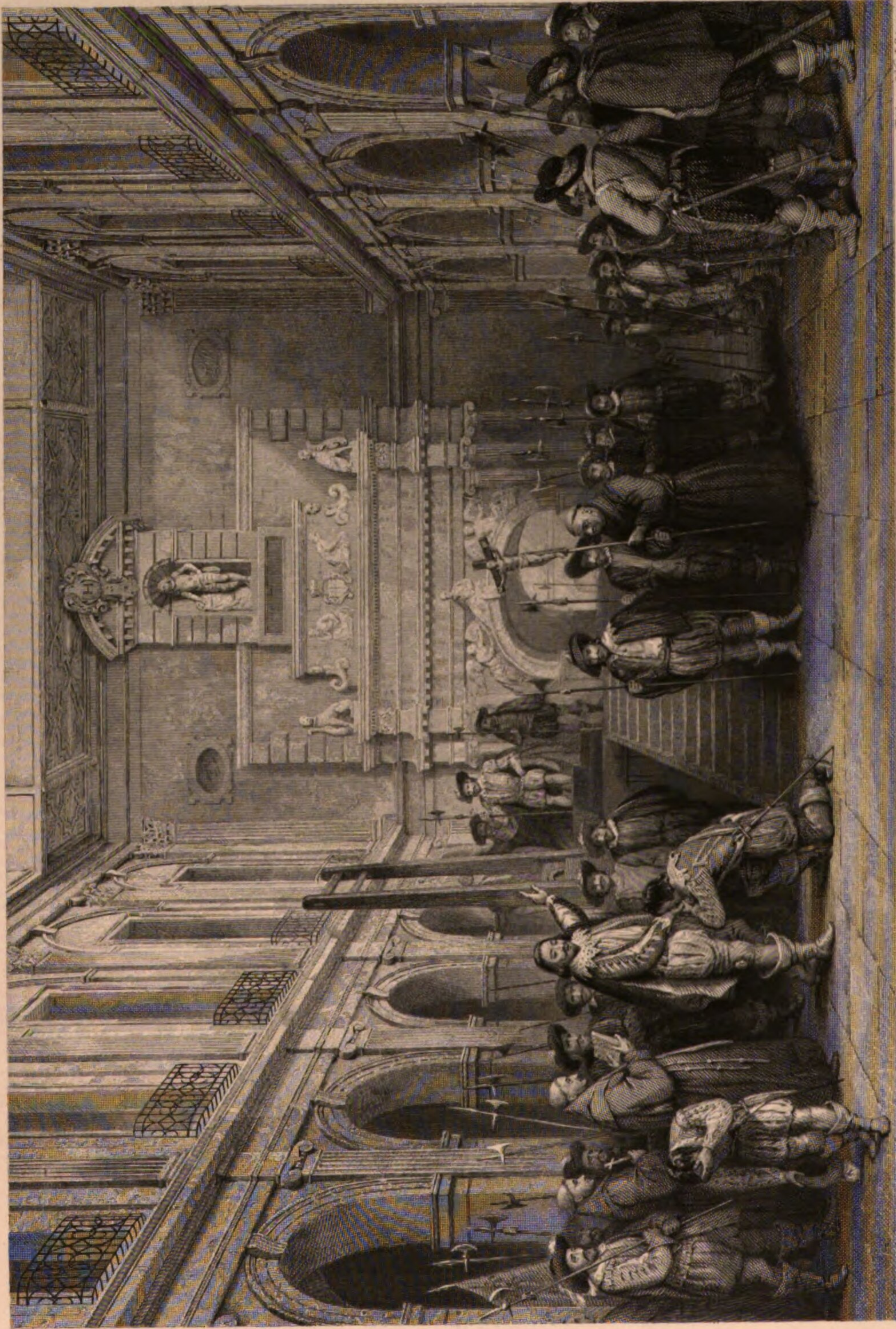
"We were in a bleak uncomfortable state, with nothing but beds of snow and white mist before us, and a north wind and drifting rain behind, looking into vacuity, and gradually resigning all hope of beholding the wonderful spectacle we had come so far to see. To our inexpressible delight the mists began to float away, the rain ceased, and then we saw, as in a passing dream, glimpses of the mighty rocks, the stupendous waterfall, with fields of snow, one above another, far up into the clouds, producing a more forcible impression of sublimity and awe than could have been experienced under clearer and more sunny skies."

The Cirque of Gavarnie is so named from its being a sort of basin, enclosed on all sides but one by mural cliffs, capped with eternal snow. Some idea may be formed of its perpendicular height by the great cascade that falls over a surface of rock of fourteen hundred feet in depth, forming one of the loftiest waterfalls in Europe.* On the first melting of the snows, it is as magnificent in the volume of water which descends as in its stupendous height. At the very summit, where it rolls over the lofty precipice, two gigantic masses of rock stand forth, as if to guard the fall, which is not interrupted until the last quarter of the distance, where a mass, darker and bolder, separates the column of water, without the majestic line of the whole cascade being broken.

To form a correct idea of the beauty of the whole scene, it is necessary to imagine the rocks of the finest marble, streaked and variegated with every tint, from the deepest brown and purple to the brightest yellow, and sometimes even to rose-colour. A perpendicular barrier of this structure rises beyond the great waterfall, and down its sides are precipitated twelve minor cataracts, while over its summit lies a vast field of snow; again, another marble mural cliff, diversified with cascades, more faint and blue in the distance; and, above all, the more majestic rampart, on which stand the two mighty rocks, called the Towers of Marboré, crowned with eternal snows, and all formed of the most beautiful marble, fluted like the columns of a Grecian temple. The loftiest of these marble walls rises at a height of a thousand feet above the amphitheatre, which is formed by the receding of the different beds of snow. On the right of the picture, the snows and the pinnacles of rock seem to mingle into a mere chaotic mass; while rising immediately from the bed of the deep basin are ascending bold buttresses of the adjoining mountain, standing like out-works to protect the whole; and over their steep sides many beautiful cascades are ever pouring, some of them like silver threads, making in all sixteen within the circle.

"It is above this part of the Cirque that the Breche de Rolande appears, a giant cleft in a solid wall of rock, six hundred feet in height, which here separates France

* The Fall of Adrigol, in the south of Ireland, is formed by the overflowings of several lakes, and its waters are precipitated over a ledge of rock, nearly two thousand feet above the basin that receives them.



Engraved by J. Carter.

Drawn by T. Allen.

The Capitole of Toulouse.

Capitol zu Toulouse.

Capitol de Toulouse.

from Spain. Legends say that it was opened by the hero whose name it bears, when he made for himself a passage for his *francs* over the *Moires*. The *faucou* extends about three hundred feet in height and breadth, and the rock through which it penetrates is some fifty feet in thickness. Through this singular opening Spain is seen, a landscape rude and uninviting, and forming a contrast with the retrospect from the same spot, which is peculiarly picturesque to the scenery of France.*

The diameter of the *Cirque* is supposed to be the best conjecture, some twenty minutes being supposed to be the time required to traverse it, while a whole hour will be consumed in the attempt by the *carriage*. The surface at one end is covered with the ruins of the *temple*, and the other covered with *monuments*, beneath which the *bones* of the *ancients* were worn for themselves against the debris. When in the *circle*, the *rock* combined with *lava* of *volcanic* origin. The Circle of Gavaric presents a *view* of the *city* of its geological *structure*. The mountain-chain *between* the *city* and the *sea* is *formed* by the *lava* which the fossils that occur there.

THE CAPITOL OF TOULOUSE.

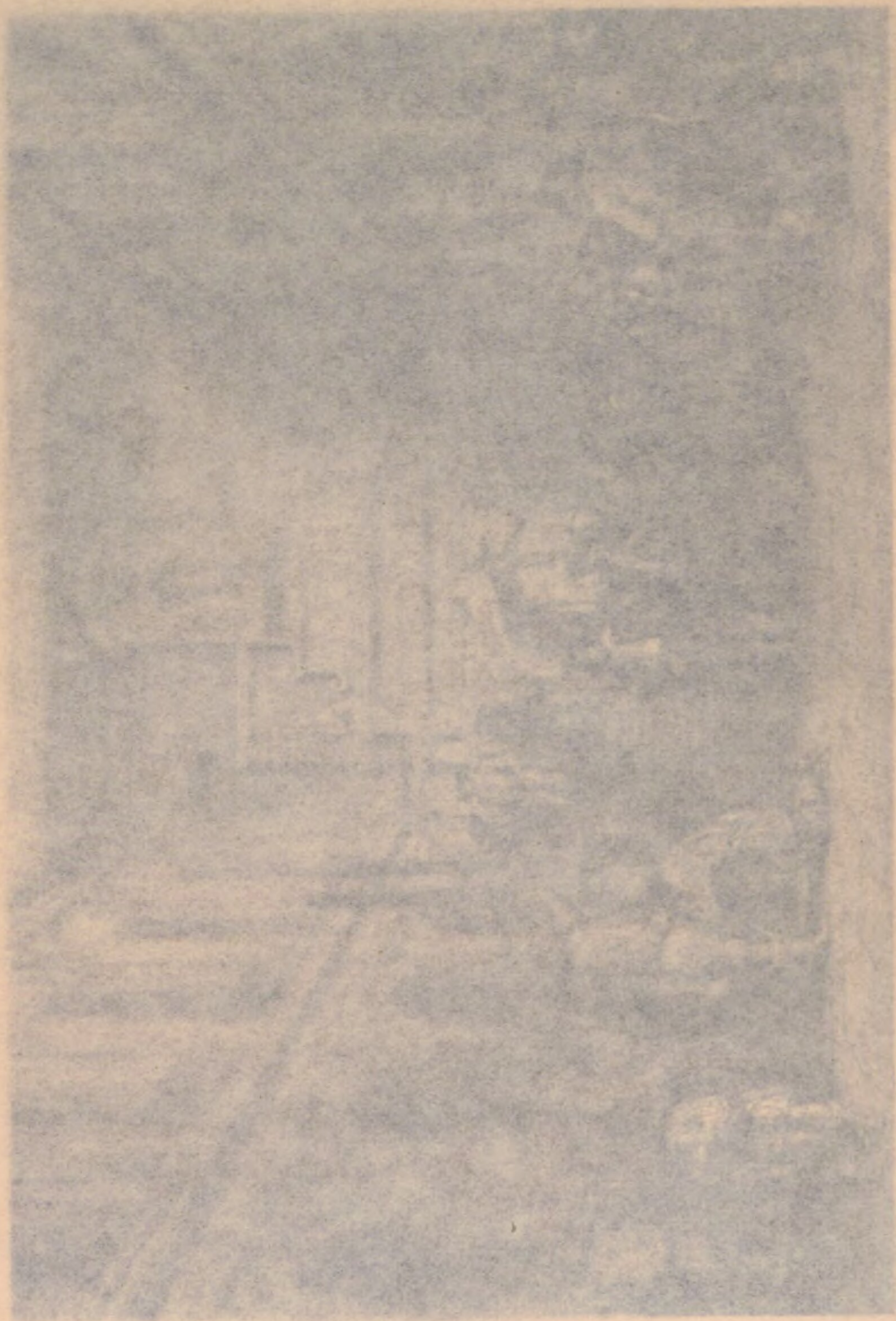
"By many a *capital* I have been,
And many a *capital* I have seen,
But never *capital* like this."

Swift.

THE Hôtel de Ville of Toulouse is supposed to occupy the precise site of the ancient capitol of the Tolosates, and is now the forum of the city. The principal front, finished in 1769, possesses only the characters of its age, and had the singular chance of having escaped the violence of the revolutionists, to whom all ancient institutions were so detestable. Its façade extends about four hundred feet, and includes, besides the municipal offices and assembly-room, the principal city-theatre. It is of red-brick, ornamented with eight pilasters of the Corinthian order, the shafts being of Languedoc marble, the beams and capitals of the white marble of Carara.

Many apartments of ceremony were originally constructed within, and, being finished tastefully, and sumptuously furnished, are shown to strangers, with that satisfaction which is pardonable, and not unattended with national advantages. Of these none are remembered with so much pride, or yet retain equal claim to notice, with the *Salon des Hommes Illustres*. Here, each in his appropriated niche, the worthies of Toulouse were represented by *terra cotta* busts; but, these posts of honour were limited to *citizens* solely, those whose infamy drank the air of distant places, and who were rewarded by a participation in the honour, provided their great public services appeared to qualify them. And here were once to be seen, in silent statuary, the

* Vide "Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees," by Mrs. Ellis.



The Capital of Siam

Printed and Published by J. H. M. & Co.

from Spain. Legends say that it was opened by the hero whose name it bears, when he made for himself a passage for his conquests over the Moors. The fissure extends about three hundred feet in height and breadth, and the rock through which it penetrates is some fifty feet in thickness. Through this singular opening Spain is seen, a landscape rude and uninviting, and forming a contrast with the retrospect from the same spot, which is peculiarly favourable to the scenery of France."*

The diameter of the Cirque completely baffles the best conjecture, some twenty minutes being supposed sufficient for passing it, while a whole hour will be consumed in the attempt by the most expert pedestrians. The surface at one season is strewn with the ruins of the encircling hills, at another covered with consolidated snow, beneath which the waters are heard passing in channels worn for themselves amongst the debris. When love of the picturesque is found combined with love of science, the Circle of Gavarnie presents additional interest, in the variety of its geological specimens. The mountain-chain being a limestone formation, British geologists are familiar with the fossils that occur there.

THE CAPITOL OF TOULOUSE.

"By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this."

SCOTT.

THE Hôtel de Ville of Toulouse is supposed to occupy the precise site of the ancient capitol of the Tolosates, and is now the forum of the city. The principal front, finished in 1769, possesses only the characters of its age, and had the singular chance of having escaped the violence of the revolutionists, to whom all ancient institutions were so detestable. Its façade extends about four hundred feet, and includes, besides the municipal offices and assembly-room, the principal city-theatre. It is of red brick, ornamented with eight pilasters of the Corinthian order, the shafts being of Languedoc marble, the beams and capitals of the white marble of Carara.

Many apartments of ceremony were originally constructed within, and, being finished tastefully, and sumptuously furnished, are shown to strangers, with that satisfaction which is pardonable, and not unattended with national advantages. Of these none are remembered with so much pride, or yet retain equal claims to notice, with the *Galerie des Hommes Illustres*. Here, each in his appropriated niche, the worthies of Toulouse were represented by *terra cotta* busts; but, these posts of honour were not limited to citizens solely, those whose infancy drank the air of distant places, were liberally rewarded by a participation in the honour, provided their great public services appeared to qualify them. And here were once to be seen, in silent statuary, Theodoric

* *Vide* "Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees," by Mrs. Ellis.

the First and Second ; Bertrand and Raymond, counts of Toulouse, the latter renowned in the history of the Crusades ; the celebrated Cujas ; Campistron, the poet ; and Firmat, the mathematician. It does not appear how Pope Benedict XII. acquired a place amongst the worthies of Toulouse, but no apology will be required from the Toulousians for having set up a bust of Riquet, the engineer of the canal of Languedoc.

The yearly meetings of the *Société des Jeux Floreaux* are held in this spacious apartment, and here prizes are distributed for compositions commemorative of the Floral Games. A figure of Clemence Isaure, a Toulousian lady, and foundress of these mysterious festivities, recalls to memory their ancient origin. The inscription beneath it, on a tablet of brass, represents her as having been the daughter of Lucius Isaurus, a native of Toulouse ; then sets forth her liberality in having built the town-hall, at her sole expense ; next praises her for having established markets for corn, wine, fish, and vegetables ; and finally eulogizes her memory as foundress of the Floral Games, for the annual celebration of which she bequeathed her property in perpetuity to the city. The Lady Clemence's history none can tell ; her fable is unfolded in an old ballad, called *Le Roman de Clemence Isaure*.

A melancholy memorial of human passions and vaunting ambition is preserved in the same saloon with the statue of Lady Clemence ; it is the huge knife, or axe, employed to decapitate Montmorency, the victim of the implacable Richelieu. The illustrious sufferer, Duke Henry II., was born in 1595, and at the early age of eighteen was created admiral of France. He defeated the Calvinists in Languedoc ; and, having taken from them their strongest places, gained a complete victory over them at sea, near the island of Ré, which immediately afterwards submitted to his arms. It was in the year 1622, that he gained such decided advantages over the Duke de Rohan, the gallant leader of the Huguenots. During the operations against Mantua, in 1630, he was appointed to the chief command in Piedmont, and defeated the Spaniards under Doria, although they were considerably superior to him in numbers. This brilliant victory was followed by the relief of Casale, and his great services were soon after rewarded with the marshal's baton. Montmorency now thought himself powerful enough to brave the influence of Richelieu, and, with Gaston, Duke of Orleans, who was equally dissatisfied with the Cardinal, raised the standard of rebellion in Languedoc. Schomberg and La Force marched against them, and an engagement took place at Castelnaudary. Gaston, influenced by either fear or falsehood, remained inactive ; but Montmorency, gallantly throwing himself into the royal ranks, was wounded and made prisoner. All France, mindful of his services, his virtues, and his victories, desired that the rigour of the law might be mitigated in his favour ; but Richelieu had resolved on making an example of the bravest, most generous, and most amiable man in the realm, and the marshal was accordingly condemned to death by the parliament of Toulouse. The royal mercy was extended so far as to permit the execution to be private, and the cruel ceremony was performed in the hall of the Hôtel de Ville, in this ancient city, on the 30th of October, 1632.



Engraved by R. Brundage

Drawn by L. Allard

Voreppe, on the Spire

Voreppe, sur l'Isère

Voreppe, an des Alpes

FISHER, SON & CO LONDON & PARIS

VOIREPPE

From whatever point the Grand Chartreuse is approached, the beauty and the contrasts that are represented find few rivals in French landscape. The valley of the Isère is a scene of industry, fertility, and interest, that absorbs the traveller's deepest attention, and excites reflections upon the powers entrusted to human agency. Its natural sterility seems there entirely subdued, and labour to have achieved a perfect triumph. Where soil could be formed by any agricultural process, crops have been raised; where such a result could not be attained, frames, and stakes, and poles, and trellis-work are resorted to support the vines which the desert vegetation would refused to maintain. From this great panorama of culture and of industry, the eye then passes into the close deep dells that give a rugged bed for the foaming waters of the Isère. Here the variety, so completely different from scenes just left, is an inexhaustible source of gratification. In the foreground of the scene, within which the eye is confined by the taste and judgment of the artist, the Isère holds its tumultuous course, the banks on either side being grass-grown to the water's edge. And in this sheltered site, above and where a single arch is thrown across the river, stands the little village of Voireppe, a collection of hospitable houses, which form a chosen asylum of the native population. The houses are ranged along the left bank of the torrent, and profess to differ in the same degree as the houses of the mountains that stare this way. Waggoners and carriers have long shown an especial partiality for this picturesque spot; and the scene is never viewed without the accompaniment of a postilion and his train, or a loaded waggon from which the team has been for a while detached.

Chestnut woods clothe the base of the rising ground behind the village, and the dark green groups are most pleasant to the eye; and above these are seen rocks, bleak, naked, and unadorned, forming a contrast the most strong, facile, and effective. The woods present a softer aspect of an uniform colour; the rocks assume the most fantastic shapes, and rise steeply and abruptly from the base, at various points and clustered in every direction. For perspective in all this enormous prospect of the Grand Chartreuse, change as much with change of light as the picture of the Alps, and its woods and mountains. In broad sunshine the face of the mountains is all in white, and the dark green of the woods reflects the rays, and the white of the rocks and the silver. In less bright light, the scene is wholly different; and a soft and silvery cloud of mist, lends a gloomy grandeur to the whole;—then a veil of darkness



Wagon in the foreground

VOIREPPE ON THE ISÈRE.

" Our pathway led us on to Isère's banks,
 And when we came in front of that tall rock
 Which overhangs the wood, I there stopp'd short,
 And traced the lofty barrier with my eye
 From base to summit."

From whatever point the Grand Chartreuse is approached, the beauty and the contrasts that are represented find few rivals in French landscape. The valley of the Isère is a scene of industry, fertility, and interest, that absorbs the traveller's deepest attention, and excites reflections upon the powers entrusted to human agency, for, natural sterility seems there entirely subdued, and labour to have attained a perfect triumph. Where soil could be formed by any agricultural process, crops have been raised; where such a result could not be attained, frames, and stands, and props, and trellis-work are introduced, to support the vines which the damp destructive earth refused to maintain. From this great panorama of culture and of civilization, the traveller passes into the close deep dells that give a rugged bed for the foaming waters of the Isère. Here the variety, so completely different from scenes just left, is an inexhaustible source of gratification. In the foreground of the frame, within which the eye is confined by the taste and judgment of the artist, the Isère holds its tumultuous course, the banks on either side being grass-grown to the margin of the flood. And in this sheltered site, above and where a single arch is thrown across the river, stands the little village of Voireppe, a collection of hospitia, or hotels, rather than a chosen asylum of the native population. The houses are ranged along the left bank of the torrent, and profess to differ in the same degree as the classes of travellers that come this way. Waggoners and carriers have long shown an especial partiality for this pictureque spot; and the scene is never viewed without the accompaniment of a muleteer and his train, or a loaded waggon from which the team has been for a while detached.

Chestnut woods clothe the base of the rising ground behind the village, and the dark green groups are most pleasant to the eye; and above these are seen rocks, bleak, naked, and unadorned, forming a contrast the most strong, forcible, and effective. The woods present regular masses of an uniform colour; the rocks assume the most fantastic shapes, at one time slanting obliquely from the view, at others broken and shattered in every line. Few passages in all this continuous panorama of the Grand Chartreuse, change so much with change of light as this picture of Voireppe and its woods and mountains. In broad sunshine the face of the torrent sparkles and refracts, and the smooth mural rocks reflect the rays, and the woods look smooth and silvery. In less bright lights, the scene is wholly different; and a fall of rain, or a cloud of mist, lends a gloomy grandeur to the whole;—then a veil of obscurity is

interposed, the bridge is removed farther off, the mountains pushed away into the distance, and the sections, into which they are separated by floating phantoms, produce an idea of much greater height. A lover of the picturesque, in visiting the locality of Voirons, Voireppe, and the Grand Chartreuse, should pause at some little hotel in this romantic village, and indulge in the succession of sublime prospects, the enjoyment of those transient beauties, which are the frequent results of atmospheric phenomena. This idea has not escaped the observation of poets in every age—

“ The full-distended clouds

Indulge their genial stores,
Till in the western sky, the downward sun
Looks out effulgent from amid the flush
Of broken clouds, gay shifting to his beam ;
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
The illumined mountains,” &c.

DOUBLE-BRIDGE OF SCIA,

GAVE OF GAVARNIE.

“ — The double bridge, that leads across

The narrow torrent, foaming through the chasm
Below : the rugged stones are wash'd and worn
Into a thousand shapes, and hollows scoop'd
By long attrition of the ceaseless surge,
Smooth, deep, and polished as the marble urn,
In their hard forms.”

COOMBE ELAN.

THE road from St. Sauveur to the Cirque of Gavarnie, follows the windings of the Gave, and presents a succession of pictures varying from the gentle tones of an Arcadian landscape, to the sublimest terrors of an Alpine chaos. When the low plains, teeming with the bounties of nature, are left, and the great defile once entered, feelings of a solemn and rather solitary kind suddenly prevail. The world appears to have been left behind, and a journey new and perilous entered on. But all such reflections are soon dismissed by the multiplied attractions of the scenery. The hours exhausted in making the descent of the Gave, pass unheeded, from the variety which the scenery affords. The road, a shelf cut in the solid rock, lies at an elevation of some five hundred feet above the torrent ; and the steep sides of the defile through which it hurries, are so densely clothed with trees of various kinds, that the bed of the river is totally concealed from view. But while one sense fails in making known the position of the river, and the depth of its channel, another comes to its assistance, and the sounds of many rivulets that burst on the ear, resemble the rolling of thunder. Cataracts continue leaping from ledge to ledge, then, in accumulation, the flood falls



Death Ridge, Cal. Valley of the Great Pacific

Copyright 1900 by H. W. Henshaw

Published by the Pacific Coast Photo Engraving Co.

San Francisco, Cal.

separated by floating phantoms, produce an effect of the picturesque, in visiting the locality described. The traveler, therefore, should pause at some little hotel in the neighbourhood, to enjoy the succession of sublime prospects, the enjoyment of which is the frequent result of atmospheric phenomena. The observation of poets in every age—

"The floating clouds
 And the downward sun
 Have made the flush
 Of the stream as shifting to his beam;
 The lightning strikes
 The mountain's side."

DOUBLE-BRIDGE OF SCIA,

GAVE OF GAVARNIE.

"— The double bridge, that leads across
 The narrow torrent, foaming through the chasm
 Below: the rugged stones are wash'd and worn
 Into a thousand shapes, and hollows scoop'd
 By long attrition of the ceaseless surge,
 Smooth, they are, and polished as the marble urn,
 In their positions."

COOMBE ELAN.

The road from St. Sauveur to the Village of Gavarnie, follows the windings of the Gave, and presents a succession of pictures varying from the gentle tones of an Arcadian landscape, to the sublime grandeur of an Alpine chaos. When the low plains, winding with the banks of the river, are left behind, and the great defile once entered, feelings of a solemn and sublime grandeur pervade the soul. The world appears to have been left behind, and the traveler is transported to a new and sublime scene. But all such reflections are soon dissipated by the stupendous magnificence of the scenery. The hours exhausted in making the descent of the river, are repaid by the variety which the scenery affords. The road, a shelf cut in the rock, lies at an elevation of some five hundred feet above the torrent; and the steep sides of the defile through which it hurries, are so densely clothed with moss and green plants, that the bed of the river is totally concealed from view. The water, however, is making known the position of the river, and the depth of the channel, by the noise it makes, and the sounds of many rivulets. The noise is like the rolling of thunder. Cataracts continue to pour down the sides of the defile, in accumulation, the flood falls



Double Bridge of Scia: Valley of the Gave de Gavarnie.

Doppel-Brücke bei Scia, Thal von Gavarnie.

Doppel-Brücke bei Scia, Gave-Thal von Gavarnie.

down great smooth plains of rock, and tumbles at last into excavated basins, from which loud and hollow murmurs emanate. The liberality of tourists has found its reward in the improvement that has been made in this mountain-roadway, for, some few years back the ascents were cut into small steps, the passing of which on horseback was not unattended with peril;—but these ladders have all been obliterated, and the security of travelling improved in proportion.

There is a peculiarity in the scenery of the Gave, which adds considerably to its picturesqueness; it is the erection of a number of mills, or rather, the conversion of every cottage into a corn-mill; no habitation is built unless where a stream exists, or to which it may be conducted; and wherever a great facility is afforded of conveying water from the fall, every house has its private mill. A favourable opportunity for this occurs near the bridge of Scia, and there the row of mill-cottages that stand on the left bank of the stream is compared to “a row of beads on a white string.”

In all this ascent, the pass expands but twice, at Gedre and at Pragnes; in other places it is so contracted that the horizon is bounded by the lofty summits of the mountains that tower above, and threaten to close up the narrow gulf between them. The first place of crossing the torrent is by the bridge of Scia, built, like all the others in these mountains, of marble. “The descent is by a frightfully steep and zigzag path, which brings you at once upon this comparatively frail structure, thrown at an amazing height above the torrent, just where its waters are the most tumultuous, where enormous blocks of granite interrupt its course, and where masses of shattered pine, and sometimes whole trees, are seen driven onward and dashed against the rocks by the fury of the pent-up stream, whose roar is like the bellowing of thunder.”

“It is a pity,” writes Mrs. Ellis, “to have one’s feelings of the sublime interrupted by the ridiculous; yet I cannot think of the bridge of Scia, without recalling a most romantic story in a French Guide-Book, where a tale is told of some fancied Lady Clara, who, seated by the side of this bridge, repeated the celebrated soliloquy of Hamlet, ‘To die—to sleep,’ and then cast herself into the gulf. The ridiculousness of the story is, that the French writer, after describing the scene in the most affecting manner, gives the commencement of the soliloquy in the following words, ‘Todie toslip.*’”

Near to Aberystwith, in Cardiganshire, there is a double structure called “The Devil’s Bridge,” which much resembles that of Scia. It consists of a single arch, nine and twenty feet span, thrown over the original one, which still remains. Some time in the eleventh century, the monks of Strata Florida built the first bridge, which the architect of the second, in the year 1753, used, to rest his centering upon. “The awful height of the fissure which the bridge bestrides, one hundred and twenty feet above the observer, is rendered doubly gloomy by its narrowness, and the wood which overhangs it; the roaring noise of the torrent at its feet, struggling through black opposing rocks, which its ceaseless impetuosity has worn into shapes strange and grotesque, fill the mind with mingled but sublime emotions of astonishment, terror, and delight.” This description of the Devil’s Bridge, the name being altered, may be read of the Bridge of Scia.

* Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees.

SAUMUR, ON THE LOIRE.

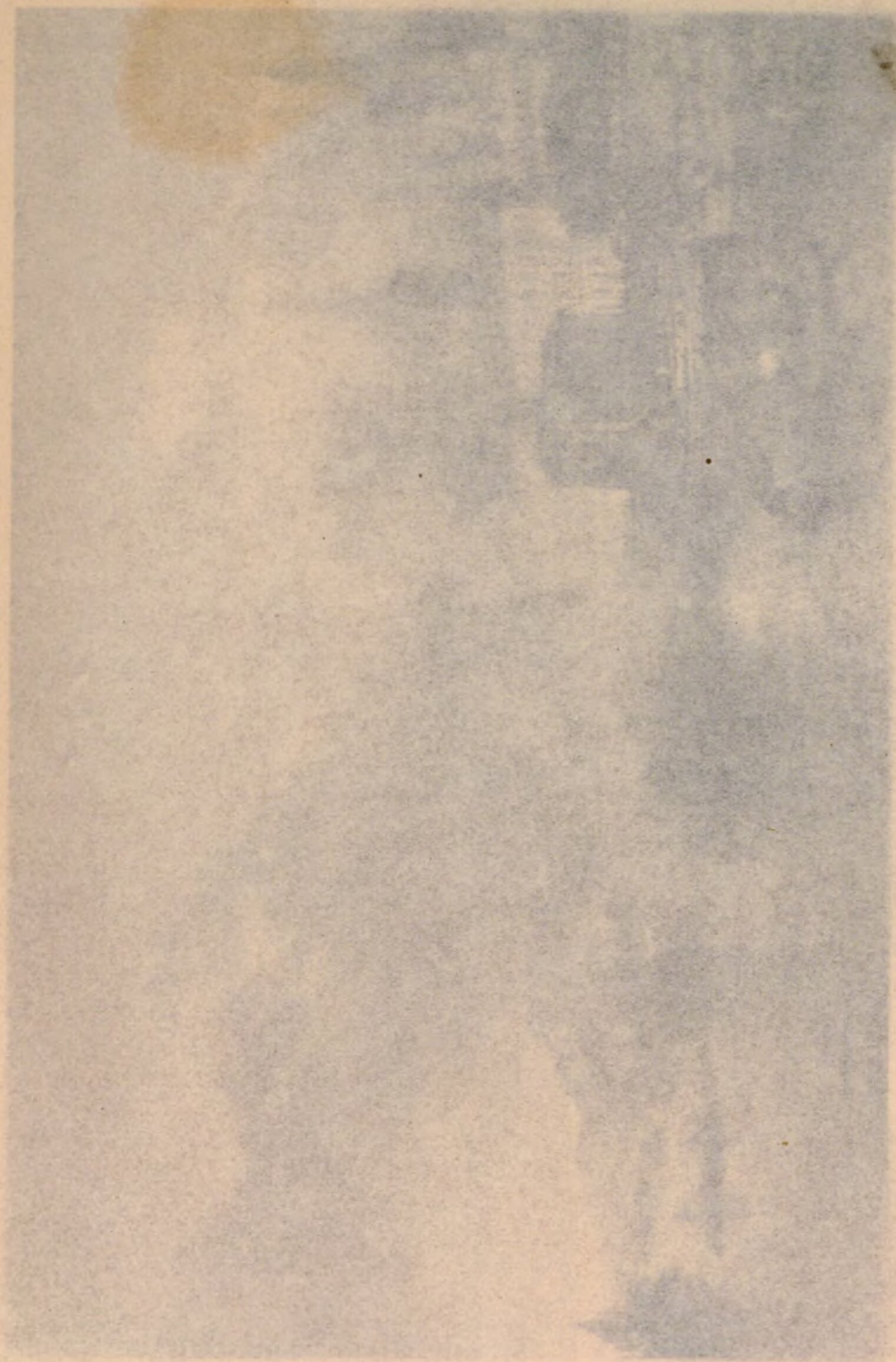
"Mornay, of steady and relentless mind,
 Led on the monarch, still but half resign'd ;
 Firm force and godlike virtue point the way,
 Whilst Glory's hands the laurel-wreath display."

The Henriade.

CLIMATE, natural productions, picturesque character of surface, as well as favourable geological structure, combine in conferring upon the locality of Saumur a cheerful and smiling aspect. Here the noble walnut-tree spreads its light-green foliage to the sun, hedges are formed of the delicate acacia, vines grow with a luxuriance nowhere exceeded, and rich crops of corn reward the labour of the husbandmen. A white and clean-looking sandstone prevails on the banks of the Loire, and from the facility with which it can be sawn and shaped, it is employed in building the costly château and the humble cottage. Nothing can be happier than the striking yet gentle contrast of the walnut trees' light-green hue, with the pure bright colour of the dwelling that peeps from amidst its exuberant foliage.

Saumur is seated on the left bank of the river, and, viewed from the opposite side, or the causeway of the bridge, is eminently picturesque and pleasing in aspect. On the left is seen the church of Nôtre-Dame, with its Italian dome, around which is an inscription, recording the expulsion of heresy from this part of France by the vigour and virtue of Louis XIV. The present circumstances of Nôtre-Dame, however, are more deserving of record than the exploits of an intolerant monarch. It now contains an Hospice de la Providence ; some of the patients, the insane especially, are lodged in cells hollowed in the rock behind the church, and all are tended by the Sœurs de Charité. On the summit of this impending hill stand many windmills, conspicuous at the distance of several miles, and indicating the position of Saumur to the far-off traveller. Above the central part of the town stands the château, celebrated in military history. The spire of St. Pierre points heavenward close to the castle-walls ; and, on the right of the picture is the Hotel de Ville, a singular, grotesque, yet not unpicturesque design. Originally forming part of the fortifications, it retains some of its military character. The walls, which are of red and white stone, are thick, well-built, and with few openings, while bartizans project from every corner. The height of the peaked roof is rather more than that of the battlemented walls, and there is a trefoiled machicolation carried around the cornice it rises from. The front, not shown in the river-view, is in the Gothic manner, and most probably dates later than the castellated portion of the building, which is of the fifteenth century.

The château of Saumur (sous-le-mur) is as conspicuous historically as by position. Henri Quatre, the protector of Protestantism in his age, appointed his trusty servant,



SCENERY ON THE LOIRE.

With a calm and contented mind,
 I sit and watch the sun and moon;
 The sun and moon, and the stars point the way,
 And the stars point the way to the light display."

The Hourglass.

The character of surface, as well as favour-
 ing upon the locality of Saumur a cheerful
 vine-tree spreads its light-green foliage to the
 vines grow with a luxuriance nowhere
 the labour of the husbandmen. A white and
 the banks of the Loire, and from the facility with
 employed in building the costly château and the
 the striking yet gentle contrast of the
 green hue, with the pure bright colour of the dwelling that peeps
 against its exuberant foliage.

Saumur is seated on the left bank of the river; and, viewed from the opposite side,
 or the causeway of the bridge, is eminently picturesque and pleasing in aspect. On
 the left is seen the church of Nôtre-Dame, with its Italian dome, around which is an
 inscription recording the expulsion of heresy from this part of France by the vigour
 of the church. The present circumstances of Nôtre-Dame, however, are
 the exploits of an intolerant monarch. It now contains
 of the patients, the insane especially, are lodged
 the church, and all are tended by the *Sœurs de*
 the hill stand many windmills, conspicuous
 the position of Saumur to the far-off
 the town stands the château, celebrated in
 points heavenward close to the castle-walls;
 the Hotel de Ville, a singular, grotesque, yet not
 forming part of the fortifications, it retains some of
 the walls, which are of red and white stone, are thick, well-
 while bartizans project from every corner. The height
 more than that of the battlemented walls, and there is a
 carried around the tower from. The front, not shown
 in the Gothic manner, and probably dates later than the
 building, which is of the sixteenth century.

The château of Saumur (sous-le-mur) is as picturesque historically as by position.
 Henri Quatre, the protector of Protestants in his age, appointed his trusty servant



Drawn by T. Allom.

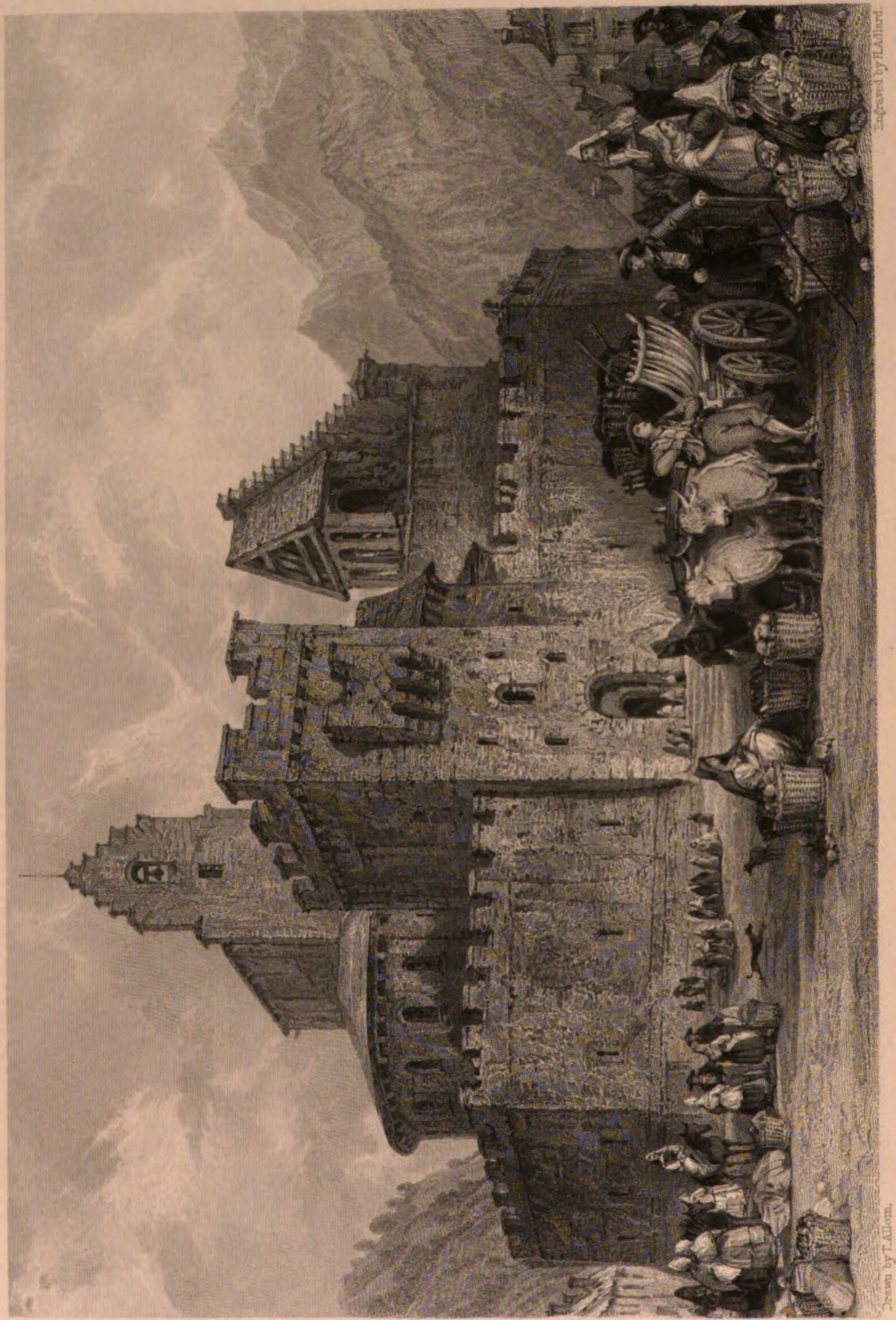
Engraved by T. Agnew & Sons.

Saumur, on the Loire.

Saumur, sur la Loire.

Saumur, am der Loire.

FISHER, SON & CO LONDON & PARIS.



Church of the Knights Templars at Luz.

Eglise des Templiers à Luz.

Kirche der Malteser zu Luz.

Duplessis Mornay, governor of this strong fortress; and while that gallant leader dwelt in Saumur, arts and manufactures flourished, and population increased. But, by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the population, chiefly Calvinists, was reduced from twenty-five to eleven thousand, and the manufactures may be said to have been annihilated.

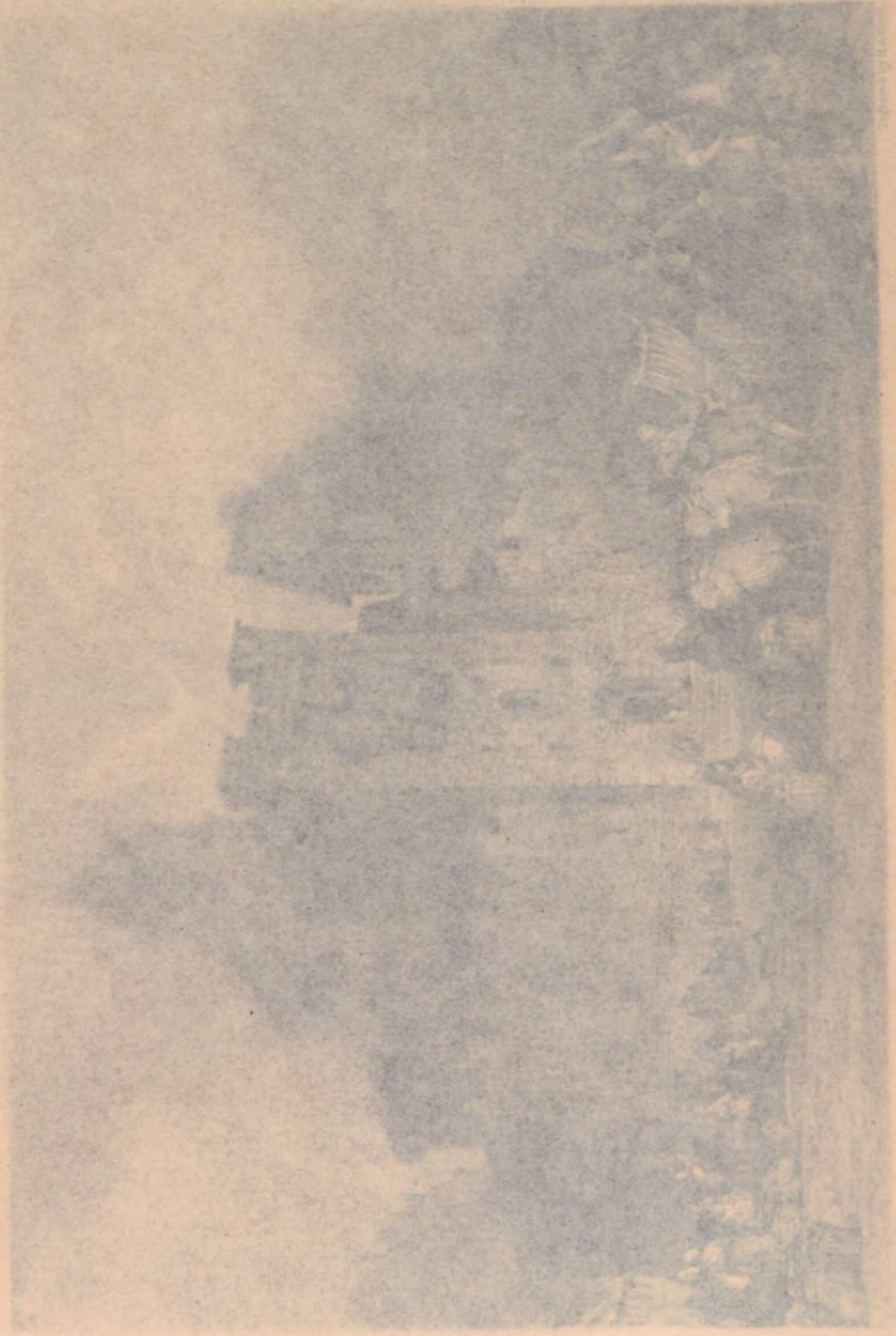
In the republican war of 1793, the heights above Saumur were occupied by the revolutionists in great strength, and planted also one hundred pieces of artillery on the verge of the precipice. Against this entrenchment, and this formidable enemy, it was, that Heros de la Riviere, a brave and resolute band of Vendéens. Having forced the entrance of the town, he next directed his efforts to the capture of a redoubt, the possession of which was valuable to his ulterior measures; and, in order to inspire his troops with courage, he took his hat, with its snow-white plume, and, in the midst of his enemies, exclaimed, "Qui va me le chercher?" At the word, he instantly dashed into the thick array, and, being followed by his band, soon made himself master of the town and art. The garrison was driven across the river, the garrison of the castle was dispersed, and his prisoners to be shared on one side of the river, and the other to be destroyed. No curiosity, or anxious relic, remains, except a powder-magazine.

In the ninth century, the town was destroyed by the Normans; Philip Augustus added it to the crown of France; and, in 1213, when he took the resolution of expelling the English from France, he held his court here in 1421 and 1422. The town was the foundation of that commercial obscurity which it has since enjoyed, for Saumur is no longer a town of note.

CHURCH OF THE KNIGHTS HOSPITAL OF LANS.

" Amid the majesty of Bergen's vale
The forms of nature charmed the ecstasies,
Where beauty and sublimity prevail
To elevate the soul to ecstasy."

SEATED on a high plain, and encircled by lofty mountains, the village of Lanz presents an appearance of solitude and seclusion that is seldom witnessed in a higher degree. Three great gorges terminate in the mountain-passes occupied by the valley of Lanz, and the town, that pour forth from them, separates the plain into three distinct regions. The river is soon recognized by the tourist with its gentle bank of sand, and the silvery stream that hasten through it, towards the great river the Rhine, the rocky foundation of St. Saviour. He soon finds it to be his best place for solitude and seclusion; and should he happen to arrive in an autumnal evening, he will find



Church of the Holy Trinity, England, N.Y.

Photo. by H. H. H. H.

Photo. by H. H. H. H.

Photo. by H. H. H. H.

Duplessis Mornay, governor of this strong fortress; and while that gallant leader dwelt in Saumur, arts and manufactures flourished, and population increased. But, by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the population, chiefly Calvinists, was reduced from twenty-five to eleven thousand, and the manufactures may be said to have been annihilated.

In the republican war of 1793, the heights above Saumur were occupied by the revolutionists in great strength, who planted also one hundred pieces of artillery on the verge of the precipice. Against this entrenchment, and this formidable enemy, it was, that Henri de la Rochejacquelin marched with a resolute band of Vendéans. Having forced the defences of the town, he next directed his efforts to the capture of a redout, the possession of which was invaluable to his ulterior measures; and, in order to inspire his men with courage equal to the occasion, he took his hat, with its snow-white plumes, and throwing it into the midst of his enemies, exclaimed, "Qui va me le chercher." Suiting the action to the word, he instantly dashed into the thick array, and, being followed closely by his brave band, soon made himself master of the town and artillery. The republican army being driven across the river, the garrison of the castle soon surrendered; and Henri, having caused his prisoners to be shaved on one side of the head only, with that ignominy dismissed them. No curiosity, or ancient relic, remains within the castle, the donjon of which is used as a powder-magazine.

In the ninth century, Saumur was a place of some importance; Philip Augustus added it to the crown of France; Duguesclin made it his head-quarters, when he took the resolution of expelling the English from his country; and Charles VII. held his court here in 1421 and 1425. The expulsion of the Calvinists laid the foundation of that commercial obscurity which has at last increased to the darkness of night, for Saumur is no longer a town of rank.

CHURCH OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS, AT LUZ.

"Amid the majesty of Bergon's vale
The forms of nature charmed the enthusiast's eye,
Where beauty and sublimity prevail
To elevate the soul to ecstasy."

SEATED on a little plain, and encircled by lofty mountains, the village of Luz presents an appearance of security and repose that is seldom witnessed in a higher degree. Three great gorges terminate in the mountain-basin occupied by the valley of Luz, and the torrents, that pour forth from them, separate in the plain into numerous sparkling rivulets. Luz is soon recognized by the tourist with his guide-book in hand, from the silvery streams that hasten through it, towards the great river that sweeps past the rocky foundation of St. Sauveur. He soon finds it to be his best place for refreshment and seclusion; and should he happen to arrive in an autumnal evening, his enjoyment

will be heightened by a variety of accompaniments to the beauty of the view. A fertile field is intersected by a thousand glittering streams; the summits are sometimes golden, sometimes purple, of the surrounding mountains; while innumerable villages, cottages, hanging woods, convey an air of grandeur, combined with the pleasing ideas of plenty and fertility.

From the Pic de Bergons, immediately behind the village, the triangular basin, into which the passes of Bareges, St. Sauveur, and Pierrefitte open, are distinctly viewed, and the serenity and retirement of the valley most agreeably enjoyed. On this delightful and commanding eminence, there are the ruins of a cell, said to have been the residence of an eremite. "Well might the hermit, if such a being ever did really occupy the rudely constructed building on this little hill, have sought this situation for its beauty and repose. Nothing I have ever seen and felt, or perhaps shall ever see or feel again, can surpass this lovely scene, for the perfect picture of peace presented by its every aspect. If one requisite for the enjoyment of peace be a sense of security, we find it here, in the majestic mountains rising on every hand, some to the height of six or seven thousand feet above the level of the verdant plain which lies below you, extending to the distance of about two miles in length by one in breadth. If, in order to calm the stirrings of anxiety and apprehension, which the accustomed habits of the world have rendered a second nature, it is necessary for our peace that we should see around us the industry of man facilitating the produce of a fertile soil, we have it here in more than ordinary perfection; for, not only in the valley, but far up the sides of these majestic mountains, at an altitude never reached by the cultivation of colder climes, are thousands of little barns and cottages, their white gables gleaming out from clumps of tufted wood; and villages, with their little rustic churches, sometimes half buried in the deep ravines, at others standing out, like fairy citadels, on the point of some bold promontory, which catches the beams of the declining sun. And then the rich deep woods, with which some of the lateral hills are crowned, and the patches of different kinds of cultivation extending to an almost miraculous height, all different in their tints, yet all blending into a beautiful mosaic, in perfect harmony with the colouring of a southern climate."

Nor is it the smiling landscape below, or the sublime, untrodden heights of the mountain above, which constitute the sole interest of this view. The scene is diversified by many vestiges of antiquity, which carry back the thoughts to former times, and thus form a link of communion between the present and the past. One of these, a very ancient ruin, said to be of Roman origin, stands on an almost perpendicular mass of bold bare rock, rising like an island in the green valley, and situated as if to guard the entrance into that of Bastan. It is called the Fort of St. Marie; and not the least interesting portion of its history is, that it was once occupied by the English, led here by the Black Prince, when his court was at Bordeaux, and much of this part of France was subject to his sway.

The most interesting remnant of antiquity, however, still surviving at Luz, both as regards its destination and perfection, is the Templars' Church, standing in the centre of the



Engraved by J. Smith.

Drawn by T. Allen.

The King's Chapel at Dreux.

Chapelle du roi à Dreux.

FIGURE 608 A. IN LONDON & PARIS.

The foundation of Dreux is of great importance, and its history, although brief, is momentous. Its site also is peculiarly well adapted to every purpose of defence and convenience, being enclosed, for a considerable distance of its area, by the river Eure, which separates at this place into streams, and falls into the fast-swelling Eure. It was on the plain that lies between the stream and the Eure, that one of those dreadful scenes of slaughter was displayed, which is so specious an argument to infidels against the truth and beauty of Christianity. The "Bataille de Dreux" is the designation by which the most sanguinary of those battles, fought during the religious wars of France, is known in history. The Duke of Guise led the Roman Catholic forces, and the Huguenots were headed by the brave Condé. For that time the fortune of the former prevailed, and the Prince of Condé, being defeated and made prisoner, was treated as his gallantry deserved. It is said that the Duke, after the battle, shared his bed with his illustrious prisoner, and that these chivalrous men, who were both of honour, and more false still of religion, made mortal enemies, sleep securely side by side.



The Kings Chapel at Christ Church

Christ Church, Oxford

See King's Chapel

Printed by J. H. & J. W. G. 1854

town. Partaking of the military and monastic styles, the round-church, an emblematic Temple, is enclosed by an embattled wall, and entered through a machicolated gateway. Towers, and loop-holes, and battlements, and crosswork bars, convey little idea of that freedom which Christianity gives, or ought to give, to the conscience of its votary. This possibly may be accounted for by the pride of those warriors of the Cross, to whom the building owes its origin—men who could not humble themselves sufficiently before the altar, nor elevate themselves enough above their fellow-creatures. The eleventh century may be considered the date of its erection, and the style of the building may be named Romanesque. A built-up doorway, originally but a few feet in height, and situated in a dark part of the church, was the entrance through which alone the poor proscribed Cagots came to prayers. The situation of this caste was singular, yet not peculiar, for it resembles that of the Cretins in the Alps. They are found only in the French Pyrenees, and in past ages were shut out from society as lepers, cursed as heretics, abhorred as cannibals: their feet were pierced with an iron, and they were obliged to wear an egg-shell on their dress, by way of distinction. Civilization, however, has released them from cruelty, although, where they do exist, they are more despised and suspected than the English gipsy.

THE KING'S CHAPEL, AT DREUX.

“ Long time the chiefs with rival glory crown'd,
Dealt equal slaughter thro' the regions round ;
At length, by factious rage in vain assail'd,
The righteous cause and Henri's arms prevail'd.” *The Henriade.*

THE foundation of Dreux is of very ancient date, and its history, although brief, is momentous. Its site also is remarkable, and, in many respects agreeable and convenient, being enclosed, for a considerable portion of its area, by the river Blaise, which separates at this place into numerous branches before it falls into the fast-swelling Eure. It was on the plain that lies between the Blaise and the Eure, that one of those dreadful scenes of slaughter was displayed, which offer so specious an argument to infidels against the truth and beauty of Christianity. The “Journée de Dreux” is the designation by which the most sanguinary of those battles, fought during the religious wars of France, is known in history. The Duke of Guise led the Roman Catholic forces, and the Huguenots were headed by the brave Condé. For that time the fortune of the former prevailed, and the Prince of Condé, being defeated and made prisoner, was treated as his gallantry deserved. It is said that the Duke, after the battle, shared his bed with his illustrious prisoner, and that these chivalrous men, whom false notions of honour, and more false still of religion, made mortal enemies, slept soundly and securely side by side.

But the victory was not destined to be of long enjoyment; the defeated party had yet a triumph reserved for them also; Spain and The League professed that they

had power to elect a king, but, while they hesitated, lost both the reputation and reality. "Henri Quatre," not accustomed to inactivity, and availing himself of the weakness of the League, assembled his forces in the vicinity of Paris. Incensed at the rejection of the truce which he had offered, and desirous of rendering the general wish for peace more ardent, by a comparison of its enjoyments with the horrors of war, he laid siege to Dreux, which was only sixteen leagues distant from the capital. That metropolis depended on it for a great part of the provisions indispensable towards the support of its numerous inhabitants. Though the garrison of Dreux made a brave defence, and held out the citadel for more than a month, they were at length reduced to capitulate.

"At length the friendly gates, by Guise's command
Flung wide, receiv'd the desolating band."

No circumstance could have more forcibly displayed the Duke of Mayne's inability to take the field, and the total want of power, or of inclination, in the Spanish court to extend him assistance, than passive acquiescence in the capture of a place so near and so necessary to Paris. A degree of indignant ridicule was excited throughout the nation, to behold the states convened for the purpose of electing a king, while they were destitute of troops, or of funds, for their necessary protection against a royal army, which might approach the gates unopposed, at any moment. Indignation blended with contempt were felt by the wise, the loyal, and the moderate, at the contemplation of the scene exhibited before their eyes; while Spain and The League, unable to prolong the war, yet rapidly declining in strength, contended for the possession of an imaginary crown.

On the hill that hangs over the town are the ruins of the castle of the counts of Dreux, that castle which surrendered to the arms of Henri Quatre. A heavy-looking brick tower, of considerable height, and now employed as a telegraph-station, was its donjon-keep. Its noble and beautiful Roman gateway still survives, and a Gothic chapel, built in 1142, is yet tolerably perfect. The enceinte of the château is now tastefully planted, and converted into agreeable pleasure-grounds; and, in the centre of this venerable and memorable spot, King Louis Philippe, when Duke of Orleans, caused a beautiful Chapel, designed in the Greek manner, to be erected as the mausoleum of his race. This exquisite record of the monarch's taste contributes the chief feature of the accompanying illustration. The parish church exhibits two different ages in architecture, and possesses little interest, but the hotel de ville is a venerable and imposing structure. It was commenced in the Gothic style, and finished in that florid Greek introduced at the renaissance; on the merits of which, however, the tribunal of art has long declined giving judgment. Here may be seen a very curious chimney-piece, and a bell cast in the IXth Charles's reign, on which is represented, in relief, a procession of the Flambards.

Dreux is the birthplace of Rotrou, the tragic poet, whose tomb is in the Church of Saint Peter—of Metzcan, the architect—of Philidor, the chess-player,—and of that gallant soldier, Senarmont.



Château de Chambord, — near Blois.

Château de Chambord, près de Blois

Schloß Chambord, bei Blois.

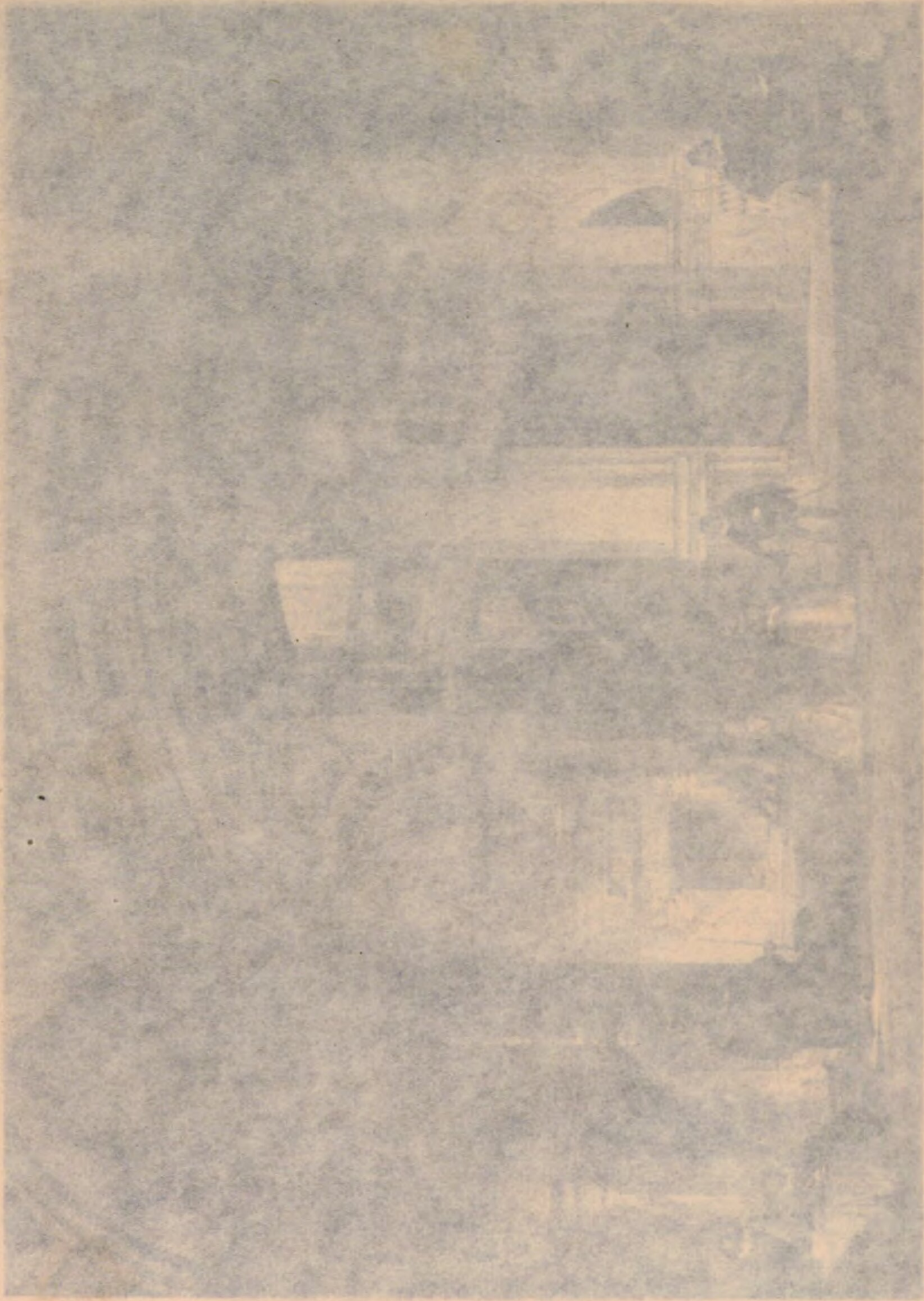
CHATEAU OF CHAMBOIS

The castle of
Chambois, near
Orléans, France.

Few of the many palaces that dot the French landscape exceed in costliness and design the Chateau of Chambouis. This kindred structure, it stands upon a rocky plateau, and covers miles in circumference. The site, however, is not so fertile as the fertile, and Chambouis, appears to have been a seat of the civilization surrounded by barbarous tribes, and the intention of the founder is clearly manifested in the constantly seen passing close to the walls of the castle, and their natural wildness.

It was in the year 1529, that Francis I. laid the foundation of this vast structure, and he was assiduously in completing it, keeping up the works. Although Francis had the honor of laying the first stone, more than translate into practice the plan of the building, owing to the circumstances which attended the laying of the stone. During the campaign of Francis in the north, his activity in Spain, he had a great deal of business in other countries; and, on his return, he found that the work was not as would surpass the efforts of his other, the efforts of the other. And his attempt has not been successful. After his death, Henry continued the building with the same spirit, and the quaint low screen at the back of the castle, the Mansard, was set up in the fifteenth century.

The chateau contains two hundred and fifty rooms, and principal staircases, and the stables which were built by Louis XIV. "Here," says a native chronicler, "Francis I. spent the first years of his life, and the arts first sprang into life in France; and the chateau was built during nine whole years." In 1745, the chateau was taken by Frederick the Great, who closed his eventful history when he was in the hands of the Prussians. The domain, consisting of eleven thousand acres, was divided, the remainder devoted to agriculture, and the chateau was under the Empire, and conferred by Napoleon. The chateau and estate being offered for sale, it was purchased by the French government.



Château de Chambord - near Blois

Château de Chambord - near Blois

Château de Chambord - near Blois

CHÂTEAU OF CHAMBORD.

" Yet soothing more
 To meditation's eye, than when thy pomps
 Made night outshine the day." J. S. H.

FEW of the many palaces, that dot and decorate the surface of this long-civilized land, exceed in costliness and design the noble Château of Chambord. Like others of its kindred structures, it stands upon a spacious plain, and in the midst of a park of many miles in circumference. The idea, embodied in the conception of Fontainebleau, Chantilly, and Chambord, appears to have been—"beauty sleeping in the lap of horror,"—civilization surrounded by untamed nature; and, at the present day, probably, the intention of the founder is more fully illustrated than before, herds of deer being constantly seen passing close to the silent towers of the château, at a speed that indicates their natural wildness.

It was in the year 1526, that the accomplished and chivalrous prince, Francis I., laid the foundation of this vast structure, and for the remainder of his life he persevered assiduously in completing it, keeping two thousand men incessantly employed on the works. Although Primaticcio has the honour of the design, he most probably did little more than translate into practice the theory of his royal master. This is the more probable from the circumstances under which, and the time at which, the foundations were laid. During the campaigns of Francis in the north of Italy, and his subsequent captivity in Spain, he had acquired a familiarity with the palatial architecture of both countries; and, on his return to France, he resolved upon erecting such a home of royalty, as would surpass the delicacy of one style, the solemnity and strength of the other. And his attempt has not been unsuccessful. After his decease, the second Henry continued the building with unabated zeal. Charles IX. followed his example; and the quaint low screen at the back of the palace, from a design by the celebrated Mansard, was set up in the fifteenth Louis's reign.

The château contains four hundred and forty chambers, thirteen grand or principal staircases, and the stables include standings for twelve hundred horses. "Here," says a native chronicler, "Francis I. indulged his taste for gallantry; here the arts first sprang into life in France; and here Stanislaus Leczinsky dwelt during nine whole years." In 1745, the château was assigned, by Louis XV., to Marshal Saxe, who closed his eventful history within its gloomy walls five years afterwards. The domain, consisting of eleven thousand acres, five hundred of which are afforested, the remainder devoted to agriculture, was erected into the principality of Wagram, under the Empire, and conferred by Napoleon upon his favourite, Marshal Berthier. The château and estate being offered for sale by the widow of the Marshal, a company

was formed for the purpose of buying it, which they effected for the sum of 1,542,000 francs. This event occurred soon after the assassination of the Duke of Berri, then the favourite of the people; and the horror which an act so cruel created throughout the kingdom, led to the generous conception of purchasing this noble château by public subscription, and presenting it to his son, the Duke of Bourdeaux, in the name of the French people. The gift, which was tendered on the 1st of May, 1821, the birthday of the prince, was accepted in the spirit of its presentation, and a sum of money is annually expended in keeping the buildings in repair, although the illustrious owner is an exile from the land.

The most celebrated architectural curiosity of the palace, one which sustains little injury from neglect or want of restoration, is the double staircase in the tower of the Fleur-de-lis. It is in a spiral form, and two parties may pass up and down at the same time without meeting. It opens on every floor into spacious corridors, furnished with fire-places, and arched over with solid masonry. In some compartments of the ceilings are seen the devices of Henri II. and Diana of Poitiers, entwined with the crescent; in others, the salamander and cipher of Francis I. In the reign of Louis XIV., the corridor which is represented in the illustration, was converted into a theatre, and there the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" of Moliere, was performed, for the first time, in the year 1670, the author being the manager also of the *corps dramatique*.

ST. BEAT, — EASTERN PYRENEES.

"No barrier wall, no river deep and wide,
No horrid crags, no mountains dark and tall
Rise like the rocks that part Hispania's land from Gaul."

BYRON.

ONE of the last towns in France, towards the Spanish frontiers, is also one of the most romantic in aspect, and secluded in position. Where the many narrow dales unite, that the French Pyrenees enclose, overhang, and shelter and beautify, there St. Beat enjoys the protection of its tutelar patron, and is eminently distinguished by the scenic graces that surround it. The vale of the Garonne, a name available to designate, collectively, many a separate and lonely landscape, consists of expansions into broad and verdant valleys, contractions into rocky defiles, and passes where habitations may find a space to intrude by encroaching upon the torrent that boldly asserts its prescriptive right. It is in one of these latter-named recesses, where silence and solitude long have reigned, that the village of St. Beat is situated: here the Garonne, always rapid, is precipitated over a ledge of rocks, and the sound of the falling waters is caught by the mountain-hollows, and returned with multiplied murmurs. The houses stand on the water's margin, but are protected from any sudden inundation by a well-built



Leaf 20 of 21

Page 100 of 100

was bought for the purpose of buying it, which they effected for the sum of 1,542,000 francs. This sum was paid soon after the assassination of the Duke of Berri, then regent of the kingdom, and the horror which an act so cruel created throughout the kingdom, led to the generous conception of purchasing this noble château for public instruction, and presenting it to his son, the Duke of Bourdeaux, in token of the French people's love. The gift, which was tendered on the 1st of May, 1820, was accepted in the spirit of its presentation, and a law of 1821 was passed, authorizing the keeping the buildings in repair, although the château was not to be opened to the public.

The most striking architectural peculiarity of the palace, one which sustains little comparison with any other, is the double staircase in the tower of the clock, where two parties may pass up and down at the same time. The palace is divided into spacious corridors, furnished with tapestries, and decorated with fine wood and masonry. In some compartments of the ceilings are painted the scenes of the life of Louis II. and Diana of Poitiers, entwined with the crescent; in others, the monogram and cipher of Francis I. In the reign of Louis XIV., the courtyard, which is represented in the illustration, was converted into a theatre, and there the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" of Molière, was performed, for the first time, in the year 1670, the author being the manager also of the *corps dramatique*.

ST. BEAT, — EASTERN PYRENEES.

"No barrier wall, no river deep and wide,
No horrid crags, no mountains dark and tall
Rise like the walls that part Hispania's land from Gaul."

BYRON.

One of the most beautiful valleys, towards the Spanish frontiers, is also one of the most fertile in the Pyrenees. Where the many narrow dales unite, that the river, the Garonne, winds, and shelter and beautify, there St. Beat enjoys the greatest fertility of soil, and is eminently distinguished by the scenic graces which are peculiar to the banks of the Garonne, a name available to designate, collectively, the whole of the valley. The scenery, which consists of expansions into broad and verdant valleys, and passes into rocky defiles, and passes where habitations may find a space to repose, and a shelter upon the torrent that boldly asserts its prescriptive right. It is a scene of great beauty, where silence and solitude long have reigned, that the village of St. Beat is situated: here the Garonne, always rapid, is precipitated over a ledge of rocks, and the sound of the falling waters is caught by the mountain-hollows, and mixed with multiplied murmurs. The houses stand on the water's margin, but are protected from any sudden inundation by a well-built



Drawn by T. Allom.

Engraved by A. Wilmore.

Saint-Prest, Upper Garonne.

Saint-Prest, Haute-Garonne.

St. Prest, Ober-Garonne.

FISHER, SON & CO LONDON & PARIS.

embankment; and their exterior, antique in design, acquires a sort of respectful consideration from being built of marble. On either side of the river the mountains rise with Pyrenean abruptness; they recede so little while they rise so high, that the scene is rendered singularly sad and sombre. On a rocky eminence overlooking the town stand the ruins of an ancient castle, useful in those days of barbarous warfare, when to border feuds, which were little more than predatory excursions, was conceded the dignity of national strife. Every inhabited station in this locality has its little history; one, the Pont du Roi, unites and separates two ancient and mighty kingdoms; the Val d'Aran was once the domain of France, but in 1192 was conveyed to a Prince of Aragon, by his consort Beatrix de Comminges; and Fos has been the scene of the most violent depredations. But such fortunes are ever inseparable from border towns, and debateable districts.

Two wide ways constitute the whole of St. Beat, that on the right bank of the Garonne is shown in the illustration; but the other, which is connected with it by a one-arched bridge, is of greater extent, and includes the market-place and town-hall. Several handsome dwelling-houses adorn the principal street, and, on the river-side is a shady walk, the favourite promenade of both townspeople and visitors. Tourists will encounter many objects of attraction in ranging round the site of St. Beat. Of these none is more interesting than the great natural curiosity, the source of the noble stream that rolls past the town, called by the Spaniards, Ojos de Garonna; by the French, l'Œil de la Garonne. The path that leads to the grotto of the river-god is accompanied by the most varied and delightful scenery; passing Bososte, the road approaches the venerable ruins of Castel-leon, leaving on the right the narrow entrance of the valley of Artigues Telline, in which one of the chief sources of the river is situated. Telline vale is particularly celebrated in the south of France for its sublimity and primitive magnificence; it is clothed with a continuous forest, save where rocky masses protrude, or rich patches of verdure intervene.

In the centre stands the little hamlet of Artigues, romantically situated, having a rich and beautiful vale on one side; on the other, a cataract always full and foaming, and furiously dashing against the cold hard rocks that form its bed. Passing this artery of the great river by a bridge of marble, human habitations become rare, and the plains are no longer in view, and the green meadows diminish in the distance. An ancient hermitage is next reached, and near it the ruins of an hospicium, where the weary traveller once found that rest and refreshment, which the generosity of other days liberally extended to the stranger; and thence the pathway lies through a dense forest which the sun's rays never penetrate, until at length it opens suddenly on a wide and level space named the plain of Goueou. Here a prodigious gulf, widely yawning, throws up two continuous torrents of water, into a vast reservoir which nature has supplied for their reception, and it is from this basin of living stone that the Garumna of the Romans, but Garonne of the French, derives its chief supply.

RUE DE LA GROSSE HORLOGE, ROUEN.

"The clock upbraids me with the waste of time."

SHAKESPEARE.

EVERY street of this ancient city presents a picture to the eye, or a record to the memory. The most splendid memorials have been raised, through successive ages, to piety, heroism, literature, art; and the progress of civilization may be traced in the streets and places of Rouen, as in the page of written history. These ideas are uniformly produced by a first visit to this venerable city, and have been very agreeably expressed by the author of "Excursions in Normandy." "The great number of houses which are adorned with basso-relievos, arabesques, pillars, or other architectural decorations, and which, to judge from their appearance, must have belonged mostly to plain citizens, attest that the people had a taste for art, and thus form a strong contrast with the flat uniformity of the buildings of modern times. It produces a singular impression when one sees beside a house of this kind, gray with age and storms, the spruce finery of a shop of the nineteenth century. In those ancient houses are reflected the tranquillity and the gravity of the time." . . . "The houses of the middle ages were small churches; the churches of the present day are large shops, that's the difference. Whoever doubts this, let him come to Rouen, examine the small houses of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, within and without, seek to apprehend the solemn tranquillity of the chiaro-oscuro in the rooms, the gravity of the fireside, that high altar on which stood the household-gods of our ancestors; then let him at night travel by post to Paris, that next morning he may attend matins at Nôtre Dame de Lorette, Rue Lafitte. The thing will then be much clearer to him. The times, their ideas, their notions, their wants, are reflected in all that men do; and therefore, every stone that leaves any trace of its age attests the character and the pursuits of the men of that age."*

This light and cheerful picture of days past by, and allusion to customs and tastes that once prevailed, is accurately faithful, and the Street of the Great Clock affords the most indisputable testimony to its correctness. The houses on either side of this ancient avenue are tall, narrow, enriched, perhaps encumbered, with basso-relievos, scrolls, and architraves, nor do they seem to have ever been appropriated to other than their present uses. In the narrowest part of this vista of architectural designs a flattened arch is thrown across, and on it rests a square heavy structure with a lofty roof in the manner of the day. This massive gate-house was erected in 1527, and to mark the passage of the traveller, a clock-dial on a more than usually enlarged scale is placed against its front. The clock-house, however, is but an appendage to the singular-looking tower of the Befroi, which ranges with the houses on one side of the street, and it is from this belfry that the curfew is still tolled "at parting day" in Rouen.

* Vol. ii. pp. 210, 211.



W. L. R. Co. Building
Cincinnati, Ohio



Drawn by T. Allom.

Engraved by J. B. Allen.

Rue de la Grande-Horloge, Rouen.

Rue de la Grande-Horloge, Rouen.

Strasse zur grossen Glocke, Rouen.



A Cabaret in the Pyrenæes (rainy day)

Wirthshaus in den Pyrenæen (an evening)

Cabaret dans les Pyrenées (Voyageur pluvieux)

The furniture of a Pyrenean cabaret is especially picturesque, and the domestic economy not very deserving of imitation. One side of the snug reception-room is usually occupied by a bed (*lit cloz*) concealed by heavy curtains; another by a huge fire-place, where a pile of wood is constantly burning, and a vessel of water kept as constantly boiling by a chain over the blaze. Chairs of various patterns, stools, a wooden table, and a large oaken chest, complete the regular inventory of chattels. Some articles of domestic articles depend, and an equal variety occupies the shelves, that are placed within easy reach—for wise purposes, doubtless. Amongst these articles and objects are found a dead chamois, sausages, shoes, hams, candles, onions, bladders full of wine, and papkins, crucifixes, bottles, harness, &c.

A CABARET IN THE PYRENEES.

(RAINY DAY.)

The rattling thunders roll, and Juno pours
 A wintry deluge down, and sounding show'rs.
 The company dispers'd, to coverts ride,
 And seek the homely cots, or mountain's hollow side

DRYDEN.

FEW who have not journeyed in a mountainous country, as pedestrians, or otherwise, are able to appreciate the true character of that highland welcome which the cabaret affords. It is often, perhaps, at the moment when the severity of the weather becomes no longer tolerable, and when physical ability is well nigh exhausted, that the homely, humble hospicium sometimes advances into the picture, and suggests the cheerful lay, always ready on the traveller's lips amidst exciting scenery. Here, when the mists magnify into substantial volumes of rain, driven along with the impetuosity that characterizes those hurricanes that sweep down the mountain-breast, or rush through the long vista of a narrow vale, all classes indiscriminately fly for shelter; and the contrast between the merciless movements of the elements without, and the cheerful protection within, contributes to increase the estimation in which the latter is necessarily held. Misfortune generally levels all distinctions, and so is it in the cabaret during a rainy day, when the tourist, whose sole pursuit is pleasure,—the sportsman, distinguished by his generic name,—and the peasant, whose toils are inevitably suspended, meet in the same apartment, and are reduced to a perfect equality of fellowship. Much difference, however, exists in their mode of whiling away the time: the husbandman, forgetting the labours of the field, becomes a politician; poets, painters, and anglers generally maintain, in these cabaret-soirées, the supremacy of their respective pursuits; while the determined tourist takes time by the forelock, and prepares, by a comfortable repast, for the fatigues of a forced march.

The furniture of a Pyrenean cabaret is especially primitive, and the domestic economy not very deserving of imitation. One side of the common reception-room is usually occupied by a bed (*lit clos*) concealed by heavy curtains; another, by a huge fire-place, where a pile of wood is constantly burning, and a vessel of some sort as constantly hanging by a chain over the blaze. Chairs of various patterns, stools, a round table, and a large oaken chest, complete the regular inventory of chattels. From the ceiling various articles depend, and an equal variety occupies the shelves, that are placed rather out of reach—for wise purposes, doubtless. Amongst these articles and objects may be noticed a dead chamois, sausages, shoes, hams, candles, onions, bladders full of lard, pots and pipkins, crucifixes, bottles, harness, &c.

Under the peculiar necessities of the case, these accumulated inconveniences pass uncensured by the visitor, who, cold and hungry, hastens to the chimney-corner, and aspires with ardour to the seat of honour. Meanwhile the active hostess is busied in serving up trout and eggs, the most grateful food to an English palate that is to be found in a Pyrenean cabaret. Whatever meat or vegetables they have here, are fried in lard, and the former is generally covered with a thick green sauce, much too heavy for delicate stomachs. Tea is seldom to be procured in these little inns, and even a draught of milk is purchased at a high cost.

CAUTERETS, HIGH PYRENEES.

Beneath Heaven's canopy of blue and gold,
From the high mountain-tops let me look forth !
Yonder, from snowy realms that gave him birth,
Rolls the rapid torrent—uncontrolled.

FROM Pierrefitte to Cauterets, the usual route for travellers in search of the picturesque and of invalids proceeding to the thermal springs, lies through the gorge on the right of a huge hill that hangs over the former of these romantic villages. Pic du Midi de Viscos, upwards of seven thousand feet above sea-level, divides the valley of Luz from the narrow, deep, dell, at the extreme end of which Cauterets is at length discovered. Leaving Argelez and ascending the gorge, scenery of the rudest character encloses the traveller; but, the retrospect from its wildest part, just where the Gave precipitates itself over a great limestone ledge, is a picture of richness and repose. Crossing this limestone ridge by means of an opening partly natural, but principally artificial, the village of Cauterets, encircled and overhung by lofty pine-clad mountains, suddenly makes its appearance; and no spot in the whole series of natural beauties concentrated in the southern departments of France, presents a more happily-composed picture.

There is an amusing contrast between the civic air of this little village, to which the inhabitants, about a thousand in number, are ambitious enough to aspire for their town—and the romantic character of the secluded valley where Cauterets reposes. The market-place is distinguished by an hôtel de ville; the churches are sufficiently large and numerous for the permanent population; inns and lodging-houses abound; a reading-room is established; the streets are regularly paved, and kept with a considerable degree of cleanliness and propriety; and in the suburbs are promenades and shaded avenues for the accommodation of *the public*.

The new pump-room, or, more correctly speaking, bathing establishment, is at the foot of the steep hill de Perraute, close to the town, and is supplied from the spring called les Espagnols—an epithet derived either from a king of Aragon who was healed



of the case, these accumulated inconveniences pass unheeded by the poor, who, cold and hungry, hasten to the chimney-corner, and meanwhile the active hostess is busied in serving up a hot and greasy food to an English palate that is to be found in no other country. The vegetables they have here, are fried in lard, and covered with a thick green sauce, much too heavy for delicate palates. The beer, as the proverb is, is too good for these little inns, and even a draught of milk is not to be had.

WEST. HIGH PYRENEES.

From Pierrefitte to Canterets, the usual route for travellers in search of the picturesque and of invalids proceeding to the thermal springs, lies through the gorge on the right of a huge hill that hangs over the former of these romantic villages. Pic du Midi de Nivose, upwards of seven thousand feet above sea-level, divides the valley of Luz from the narrow, deep, dell, at the extreme end of which Canterets is at length discovered. Leaving Argeles and ascending the gorge, scenery of the rudest character encloses the traveller; but, the retrospect from its wildest part, just where the Gave precipitates itself over a great limestone ledge, is a picture of richness and repose. Crossing this limestone ridge by means of an opening partly natural, but principally artificial, the village of Canterets, surrounded and overhung by lofty pine-clad mountains, suddenly makes its appearance. Still we need not the whole series of natural beauties concentrated in the valley of the Gave, but it now presents a more happily-composed picture.

There is a singular contrast between the civic air of this little village, to which the numerous houses, of various number, are ambitious enough to aspire for their own share of the aristocratic character of the secluded valley where Caudebec reposes. The municipality is distinguished by an hôtel de ville; the churches are sufficiently large and commodious for the permanent population; inns and lodging-houses abound; a market is held weekly; the streets are regularly paved, and kept with a considerable degree of cleanliness and propriety; and in the suburbs are promenades and shaded avenues for the recreation of the public.

The new place, or, more correctly speaking, bathing establishment, is at the foot of the steep hill of Ferraute, close to the town, and is supplied from the spring called les Espagnols, an epithet derived either from a king of Aragon who was healed



Engraved by S. Fisher

Drawn by L. Lalor

Cauterets, in the Pyrenees.

Cauterets, en des Pyrénées.

Cauterets, dans les Pyrénées

FISHER, SON & CO LONDON & PARIS

by bathing here, or more probably from the great number of Spaniards who have from time immemorial visited the spot. The old baths occupy their primitive positions on the hills, at some distance from the town; and, as the conveyance thither of invalids constitutes a very chief source of revenue to the inhabitants, wretched as the bathing-houses are, they will not readily be abandoned for sites less distant. At every house in Cauterets, horses, or voitures, are to be had for hire; and, so steep is the ascent to the original baths, that the most robust persons only are able to perform the journey on foot. For others a litter, or chaise à porteur, is provided, in which the patient is carried leisurely to any part of the surrounding hills.

Sixteen different springs supply the baths of Cauterets; the waters are sulphureous, varying in warmth from 100° to 120° of Fahrenheit. Several of them rise in Perraute mountain, several others on the banks of the Marcadaou. Of the latter, the most frequented is the Raillère; it is covered by a building of architectural design and fair proportions, which is in excellent keeping with the sterile picture of naked rock and overhanging precipice that characterizes the spot. These waters are warmer, and more strongly impregnated with sulphur, even than those of Bareges; and the concourse by which they are daily visited during the season—July and August—has rendered the construction of about thirty cabinets des bains necessary. Bath-houses, however, are scattered over the sides of the mountains at various heights from the valley, and some in situations agreeable and romantic. The spring of Montmorency is within a natural grotto, and pours forth a stream too hot for the hand to continue in; the Bath du Prè is sheltered by a cluster of rocks grown over with lichens; and the Fountain du Bois, although one of the highest and most inconvenient of approach, is a favourite brunnen, possessing several cabinets.

So near to the Spanish frontier, this vicinity has always been much visited by those who dwell just over the border, and the resident population is now a mixed race. "Cauterets," says Mrs. Ellis, "is in one respect the strangest-looking place in the Pyrenees, being almost filled with Spaniards, to whose exclusive use one set of its many baths is appropriated. We went to see these baths in a drizzling rain; and the heat and steam of the water, with the apparent poverty and filth of the Spaniards, rendered the place by no means agreeable for a protracted stay. I never saw a people who struck me so much, and yet none so difficult to describe, as those Spaniards. They seem to be all poor, and yet so dignified, so imposing, and so peculiar in their appearance, that one stands still and gazes on them, as when some distinguished person passes."

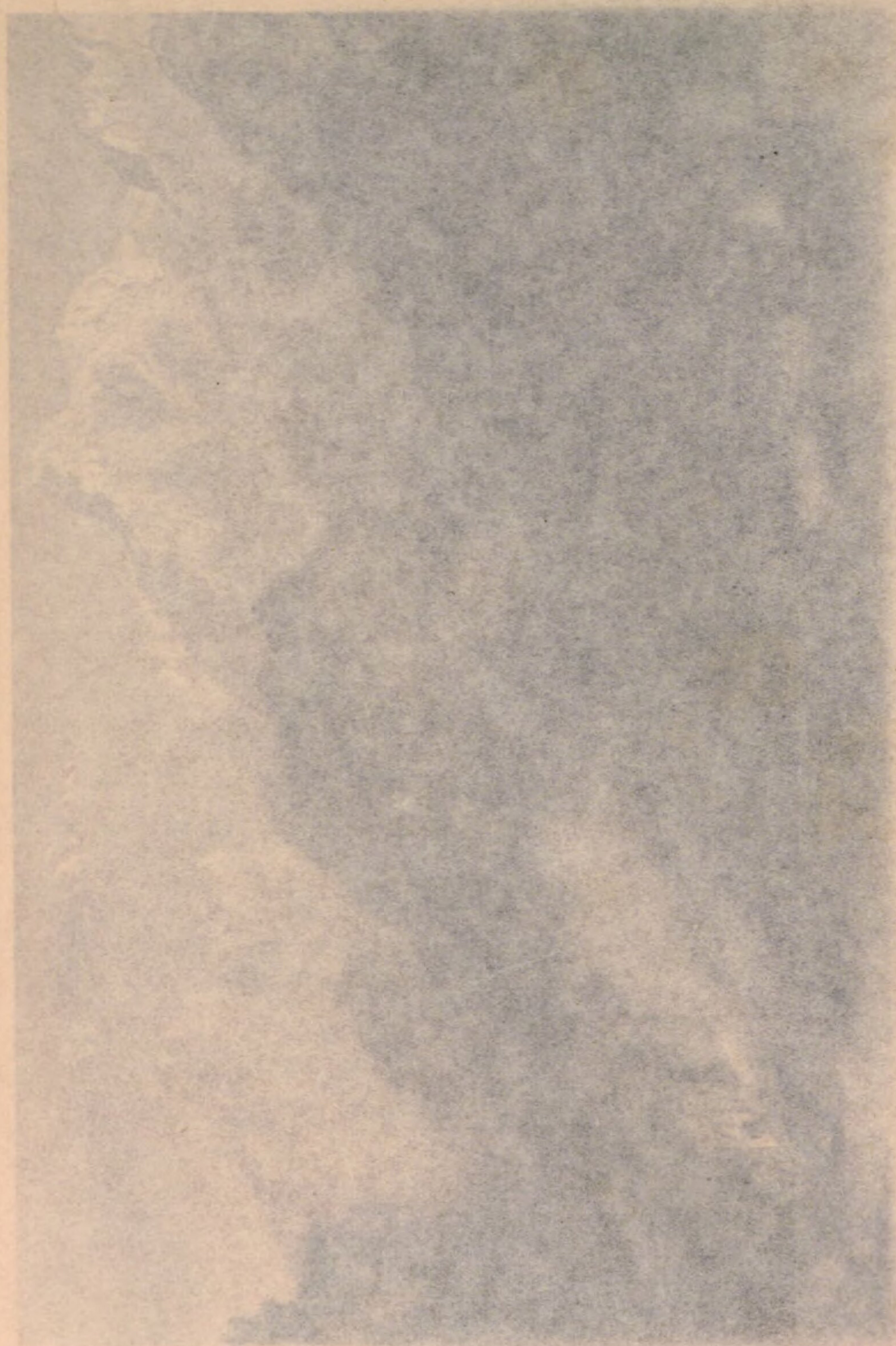
LES EAUX BONNES,

HIGH PYRENEES.

The pine-clad mountains boldly rise
 Round many a hot and healing spring ;
 And cloudless are the azure skies,
 With health on every Zephyr's wing.

FROM Lauruns, the road to Eaux Bonnes is a continuous ascent of three whole miles; and such is the steepness of the acclivity, that travellers generally alight, and relieve the horses from their burden during the greater part of this weary way. It is while performing this act of compassion, that they are uniformly accosted by a number of applicants, requesting leave to supply bread, milk, or any other description of provisions in their possession. Persons less blessed with worldly treasures, solicit a portion from the stranger; and the passing peasants, females especially, eagerly inquire whether the party came all the way from Paris, which they consider to be the centre of the world—at least of the world of fashion. “The women here,” says Mrs. Ellis, “and indeed all those in the vale d’Ossau, appear to be of an Amazonian race—tall, upright, agile, well-formed, and with rich, glowing complexions; their dress, most frequently a close jacket of thick blue cloth, with a short petticoat of the same material, extremely wide, and drawn together in a prodigious number of close plaits at the waist. Over the head they wear a scarlet, and sometimes a dark-blue capulet, in warm weather often disposed upon the head in deep, thick folds, so as to give an air of majesty to the face and the whole figure.”

When the summit is reached, and the traveller re-enters his carriage, Eaux Bonnes is in sight—the terminus of the road, and, as it is often pleasantly styled, “the end of the world.” It consists of a single street, composed of spacious and handsome hotels and lodging-houses, with a pretty chapel standing at the upper end of the village. No geographical epithet describes with truth the character of this lovely little place, which is hardly entitled to the name of village, or hamlet, but is rather a town in miniature. A wooden bridge spans the torrent, that issues from the mountain separating Eaux Bonnes from Valentin; and the whole extent of the former, that is, of the hollow in which the town stands, is included between this little river and the mountain at the upper end of the street, distinguished by a summer-house, on a rock that protrudes from its broken and precipitous front. On every side steep mountains impend; and so small is the disposable space in the cul de sac, or basin, which they form, that several of the hotels are built in excavations made in the rocky bases of the hills. Fortunately for the beauty of the scene, one side only of the street is built, the space reserved for the other being now covered with a most luxuriant wood of weeping and



LES Eaux Bonnes,

Eaux Bonnes.

The great mountain boldly rise
 From the hot and boiling spring;
 The rocks are the water sides,
 And the water is the spring's wing.

From the point where the road begins a continuous ascent of three whole miles; and the ascent is so steep, that travellers generally alight, and relieve themselves by the way, leaving the greater part of this weary way. It is while passing the ascent, that they are uniformly accosted by a number of peasants, who, in exchange for bread, milk, or any other description of provisions for their purses. Peasants here loaded with worldly treasures, solicit a portion from the stranger; and the passing peasants, females especially, eagerly inquire whether the party came all the way from Paris, which they consider to be the centre of the world—at least of the world of fashion. "The women here," says Mrs. Ellis, "and indeed all those in the vale d'Ossau, appear to be of an Amazonian race—tall, upright, agile, well-formed, and with rich, glowing complexions; their dress, most frequently a close jacket of thick bear cloth, with a short petticoat of the same material, extremely wide, and drawn together in a prodigious number of close plaits at the waist. Over the head they wear a scarlet, and sometimes a dark-blue capulet, in warm weather often disposed upon the head in deep, thick folds, so as to give an air of majesty to the face and the whole figure."

When the ascent is over, and the traveller re-enters his carriage, Eaux Bonnes is a small town, the houses of which are often pleasantly styled; "the end of the road." The town is composed of spacious and handsome hotels, and is situated at the upper end of the village. No longer a village, but rather a town in miniature. A small stream, that issues from the mountain separating Eaux Bonnes from the whole extent of the former, that is, of the hollow in which the town is situated between this little river and the mountain at the upper end of the town, is distinguished by a summer-house, on a rock that protrudes from its broken and precipitous front. On every side steep mountains impend; and so small is the space in the end of the town, which they form, that several of the hotels are built in excavations made in the rocky bases of the hills. Fortunately for the beauty of the scene, one side only of the street is built, the space reserved for the other being now covered with a most luxuriant wood of weeping and



Engraved by J. Kernot.

Drawn by T. Allom.

Caus Bonnes in the Pyrenees.

Caus-bonnes in den Pyrenæen.

Caus-bonnes dans les Pyrénées.



Engraved by J.C. Bendy

Drawn by T. Allom

Lac de Gaube. Pyrenees.

Dersee zu Gaube in den Pyrenäen

Lac de Gaube, Pyrenäen

FISHER, SON & CO LONDON & PARIS.



Les de Goutte... Pyrenes

Les de Goutte... Pyrenes

Les de Goutte... Pyrenes

Les de Goutte... Pyrenes

other trees, that add considerably to the pleasantness of the place. Behind this grove is a promenade for visitors, who, however, when sufficiently robust to do so, prefer a tour to the beautiful cascades that abound in the gorges of the surrounding pics; those of the Valentin, and De Gros Hêtre are the most frequently visited.

Besides the allurements of enchanting scenery, the convenience of public walks, like the promenade Jacqueminot, and path to the Butte de Tresor, the baths of this place constitute a real attraction. At the upper end of the street is one of the chief bath-houses, supplied by the spring that rises in the Butte de Tresor. The waters of this fountain are drunk cold, but warmed for bathing; they are recommended in pulmonary complaints, and have long been celebrated for their virtues. It is said that the Bearnais followers of Henri d'Albret, after the battle of Pavia, for the cure of their wounds repaired to these wells, which were henceforth called Eaux d'Arquebusade. There are, however, three separate and distinct springs, known as the Old, the New, and d'Ortechy fountains; they possess similar properties, although differing a little in temperature, and are believed to afford relief in chronic affections of the viscera, in intermitting fevers, in cutaneous diseases, and in hypochondria.

L A C D E G A U B E, P Y R E N E E S.

" The mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds; their tops ascend the sky."

THERE are effects almost magical, at all events dramatic, produced by the mode in which the traveller is at first introduced to a sight of the Lac de Gaube. A steep, rugged path strikes through a pine wood, by the torrent's side, and, winding amongst roots, fallen trunks, and huge debris, suddenly opens upon the gloomy space where the green waters of the lake lie resting. Its elevation above sea-level, although some thousand feet, adds nothing to the interest of this gloomy pool; its circumference, not exceeding three miles, is inconsiderable; but its depth in the centre is upwards of two hundred feet. It is assuredly a solitary spot—without a tree, save the dark green pines—without a dwelling, save the fisherman's lonely hut. The steep bare precipices around are marked by occasional lines of black and blasted pine trees, and by groups of rocks, which are arrested in their fall, and form accumulations that are gradually increasing every winter. The centre of this grand scene is occupied by the mass of the majestic Vignemale, one of the highest mountains in France, beautifully varied in outline, and so broken as to present broad masses of light and shade at all hours and seasons. It is eternally capped with dazzling snow, and from its dissolving glaciers descend the unfailing supplies that feed the Lake and the Gave.

Many peaks invite the ambitious pedestrian; one only, the Petit Pic, is attainable; but, with a cautious and a competent guide, each ridge on ridge, that rises from the lake

in giant-stairs, may be securely visited, and the icy source of the Gave examined with interest. "What renders this place yet more melancholy than nature made it, is a circumstance that took place here some few years ago. It is said to have been a bright and beautiful morning, when an English bride and bridegroom, on their wedding tour, went out upon this lake, in the fisherman's rudely-constructed boat, the very same which we saw lying by the shore. Little seems to be known of the awful event that followed, except that those who stood on the shore relate, that when the boat was about the middle of the lake, the figure of the man was seen stooping overboard—that the female, alarmed for his safety, rushed to the same side; and thus, the vessel being overbalanced, both were plunged into a watery grave. The bodies were both found, though one of them not until a month after. They were conveyed to England, and buried at Witham, in Essex. There is a rock, jutting out a little way into the lake, on which a white marble monument, commemorating this event, has been placed, with an inscription, giving a short account of their fate. These words upon the tablet were to me particularly striking—'*Married one month.*' What a conclusion to that portion of life, which mankind have agreed, whether justly or not, to call the happiest in human experience."* Pattison was the name of the ill-fated pair.

THE PONT DU CHANGE, LYONS.

"Where bends the thund'ring Rhone its headlong course,
And doubting Arar glides with gentle force,
There Lyons stands; well called, if truth be told,
An old world in the new—a new world in the old."

SCALIGER.

SEATED at the confluence of the Saone and the Rhone, Lyons seemed to require a double number of bridges for its accommodation. Four have spanned the Rhone in this vicinity for many years; and of the ten that crossed its great tributary, four have been destroyed by inundations. It is not a little remarkable that this devastation should have occurred where the waters are always most tranquil; nor can a greater contrast be well imagined than is presented by the two rivers that unite at Lyons. The Rhone runs with prodigious rapidity—the Saone is so sluggish, that it is difficult to say, in contemplating its waters, which way the current sets, and this distinction of character is preserved even at their junction—there, one part of the expanse formed by the united floods maintains its agitated aspect, while the other continues smooth and tranquil. A line of demarcation is observable between them, sloping gradually away till the sleepy Saone is lost at last, and the rapid Rhone remains.

The two noble bridges that form the passage of the Rhone are named de la Guillotière and Morand. The latter is of wood, with stone piers; the former of stone,

* Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees.

and also of very early foundation. The thirteenth century is the period of its construction, and Pope Innocent IV. promoted the work by liberal contributions and papal indulgences to all who assisted with either labour or money. It was anciently the custom to hold a fair at Whitsuntide, just at the *tête du pont*, and its origin is attributed to the following circumstance. A popular sedition having been excited against the magistrates of the city in 1403, the inhabitants of the quartier la Guillotière alone did not take part in it. Vain of their fidelity, they instituted a ceremony, called the Procession of the *Mad Horse*, which was to be celebrated every Whitsuntide in commemoration of the circumstance. The fête grew at length into an established fair.

The Pont du Change, or the Old Bridge of Lyons, is the most ancient of those that cross the Saone. Humbert, archbishop of Lyons in the eleventh century, is supposed to have built it at his sole expense: and a little chapel, or oratory, was erected just over the centre arch in the year 1620, for the purpose of celebrating mass for those who were afflicted with the plague, which then ravaged the city.

The first arch of the bridge visible in the illustration was called the *arch of wonders*, in consequence of a festival that used to be celebrated there in the month of August, in honour of the nineteen thousand Christians massacred under the Emperor Severus. The clergy, in pontificalibus, passed backwards and forwards under the arch, in boats splendidly decorated, chanting a service in honour of the martyrs; and, at the close of this part of the ceremony, a number of bulls and oxen were thrown into the river over the *arch of wonders*, for the amusement of the people. As in the case of the *Mad Horse*, so this ceremony also grew into a regular fair, which was continued to the time of the great revolution.

PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS.

"The statue follows the rope's tight strain,
And the horse's legs are broke in twain."

JUVENAL.

In the year 1763 it was resolved by his grateful countrymen, that a statue should be raised to Louis XV. immediately after the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, and the space between the Tuileries' Gardens and the Champs Elysees was chosen for the purpose. The design, supplied by Gabriel, consisted of an octagon marked out by fosses, and with ornamental pavilions at every angle. The centre was adorned with a statue in bronze of Louis XV., executed by Gor, from a model by Bouchardon; but here, for a season, improvement and decoration were suspended. The changes which this now beautiful place has undergone, correspond in number and in consistency with the political revolutions of the kingdom. Just twenty years after its erection the equestrian statue of Louis was pulled down by the people; but so great was the difficulty of dislodging this beautiful and unoffending work of art, that one foot of the horse, with part of the leg

adhering, remained in the socket. On this contingency, corresponding so precisely with the circumstances of Sejanus' statue, when the Roman people grew tired of the minister, an observer remarked "that royalty had still one foot in the stirrup."

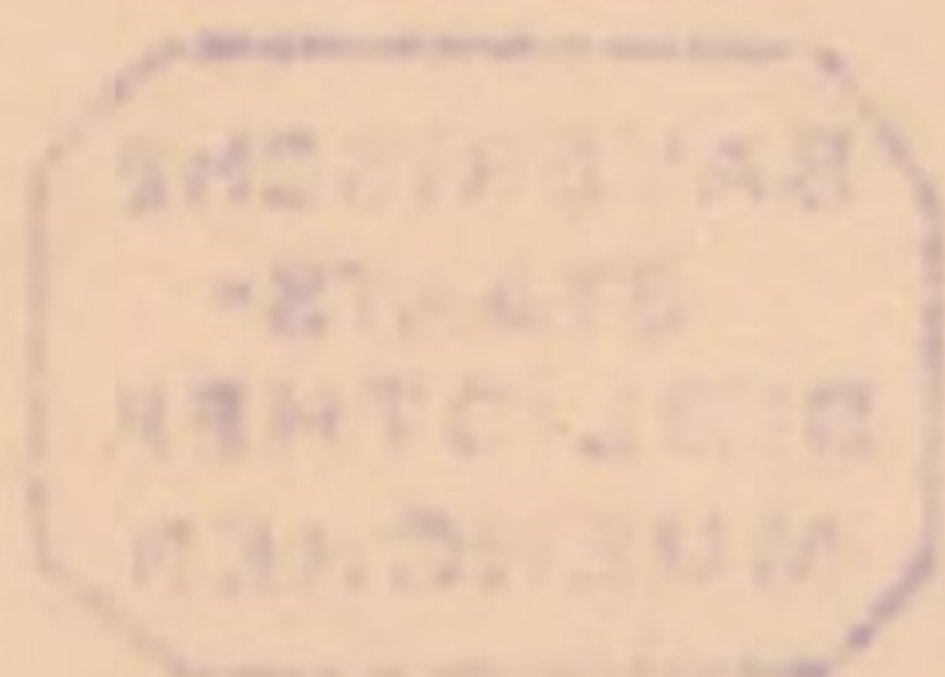
In this area, all those horrible executions took place that have left so lasting a stain on the pages of modern history. It was on the spot where the statue stood that the guillotine was erected for Louis XVI. and for his queen and his sister, and for the wives of Desmoulins and Hebert, besides 3000 other political victims, all persons of education and social rank. Place de la Revolution was the name now appropriately given to this memorable spot; and the quality of liberty was openly abused by erecting her emblematic figure on the spot which had witnessed such atrocities.

The name of Place de la Concorde was restored in 1800; the more ancient, Place Louis XV., in 1814; and both rejected some ten years afterwards for Place Louis XVI.; which was exchanged, after the accession of Louis Philippe, for the present designation.

Under the auspices of this monarch the whole area has been paved, the fosses planted, the pavilions surmounted by allegorical statues representing the chief cities of France, and surrounded by forty magnificent candelabra. The central spot, decorated and desecrated alternately through revolving years, is now occupied by an Egyptian monolith, of granite, 72 feet in height—the original Obelisk of Luxor, placed here at an expense exceeding two millions of francs. Carriage-roads, foot-terraces of asphaltic pavement, and fountains embellished with allegorical bronze figures of river-gods, fill up and divide the space around the column. On one side, the entrance to the Champs Elysees, are two lofty pedestals surmounted by restive horses, checked by a groom,—the work of Coustou; these formerly adorned the palace of Marly. They correspond with two other groups at the entrance of the Tuileries Gardens, by Coysevox, which are less meritorious.

"It is scarcely possible to conceive a finer assemblage of architectural or national monuments than the Place de la Concorde presents; and the entrance into Paris from Neuilly, may be pronounced the most majestic approach to any capital in the world."

END OF THE SECOND SERIES.



BAYERISCHE
STAATS-
BIBLIOTHEK





Wright, George Newenham,

France illustrated exhibiting its Landscape Scenery, Antiquities, military
and ecclesiastical Architecture &c

Bd.: 2

London [1845 ?]

4 Gall.g. 279 m-2

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10357256-2